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SIXPENCE



THE SEARCHLIGHT IN LORD KITCHENER'S BLOCKHOUSE SCHEME: DEFEAT OF A NIGHT ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE RAILWAY.

The adoption of searchlights has added considerably to the strength of the line of blockhouses by which Lord Kitchener is gradually lessening the area of operations. Attacks by night can now be prevented with much more certainty than heretofore. The garrison is posted in the upper storey of the miniature fort. The upper light is used for long distance, the lower for the more immediate neighbourhood of the blockhouse.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have given great umbrage to the Rotterdam *Courant* by some imputations on its good faith. Apart from its views about the Boer War, it seems to be an excellent newspaper, and therefore I propose one or two simple tests of honesty. Will the *Courant* frankly abandon the Van Zyl photograph? It will have charming company in such a retreat, for even Miss Hobhouse is trying to evade all responsibility for that miserable fraud. The Van Zyl photograph has been exposed by Dr. Pern, medical officer of the Bloemfontein camp, Miss Kennedy, the English nurse, and Miss Swanepoel, the independent Boer witness. "A Miss Swanepoel," sniffs the *Courant*, ignorant, or pretending to be ignorant, that the Swanepoels are among the best-known families in the Orange River Colony. Miss Swanepoel naturally declines to be classed with Mrs. Van Zyl.

My Rotterdam censor is uneasy, for he argues that Lizzie Van Zyl must have been "sick and half-starved" when she arrived in the camp, and that this proves our inhumanity to the non-combatants. I quoted Lord Kitchener's account of his unsuccessful negotiation with General Botha about the treatment of the refugees. We were compelled to shelter the families of surrendered burghers because Botha threatened to burn their homes, and leave them to starve on the veld. "Oh, yes," says the *Courant*, "Botha threatened; but has he really burnt any farms? If so, why have not the English mentioned it? Did he do it on a great scale, or in exceptional cases? And would Botha, even if he threatened it, really have allowed Boer women and children to die of hunger? Does any honourable and sensible Englishman answer these questions affirmatively?" Lord Kitchener is an honourable and sensible Englishman, and he has clearly shown that Botha was as good as his word. The instructions of the Boer commander to his lieutenants were explicit. "Do everything in your power to prevent the burghers laying down their arms. I will be compelled, if they do not listen to this, to confiscate everything movable and immovable, and also to burn their houses." These instructions were obeyed to the letter. Surrendered burghers complained to Lord Kitchener early in 1901 (I use his own words) that "after they had laid down their arms their families were ill-treated and their stock and property confiscated by order of the Commandants-General of the Transvaal and Orange Free State." This was so serious that in his interview with Botha at Middelburg Lord Kitchener made a strong remonstrance. "I told him I should be forced to bring in all women and children, and as much property as possible, to protect them from the acts of his burghers."

Will the *Courant* continue to delude its readers by affecting ignorance of this transaction? Lord Kitchener declared that if Botha would agree to spare the farms and families of neutral or surrendered burghers, the British would "leave undisturbed the farms and families of burghers who were on commando, provided they did not actively assist their relatives." If Botha had cared a jot for the humanity which is preached by the *Courant*, he would have accepted this convention; but he rejected it, and when Kitchener asked what was to become of the unfortunate families deliberately starved by this hero, this was the answer: "The only thing you can do is to send them out of the country, as if I catch them they must suffer." Now, if Lizzie Van Zyl entered the Bloemfontein camp "sick and half-starved," it is plain that Botha is responsible, and if the *Courant* denies this it supports another deliberate lie. Sadly disconcerted by these revelations, it tells its Dutch readers that Botha's conduct cannot be so bad as the "burning and plundering ways of the English." Dear me! So when we burn a farm because it is a Boer arsenal, or ambush, or dépôt of provisions, that is a military measure from which the god-like Botha would shrink. Before it indulges any further in this childish cant, let the *Courant* recall what the Boers did in their invasion of Natal. Every farm was "smashed up," says Dr. Maxwell, who had charge of a Boer ambulance (*Contemporary Review*, December). "God help Natal if our commandoes get further in!" says the same witness. Sir Redvers Buller, when he retook Newcastle, found many of the houses "desecrated with filthy ingenuity." I quote his official report. If the *Courant* denies these things, it supports deliberate lies. And lying at Rotterdam, as I have already remarked, is its own reward.

An ingenious American editor, in Boston, I believe where culture is unsophisticated, has suggested that Mr. F. H. Vizetelly, who wrote an article in this Journal on the prison-camps in Bermuda some months ago, is quite untrustworthy, because he is a paid agent of the British Government. Mr. Vizetelly said the Boer prisoners were well treated, and I can see little difference between his report and that of a very fair American writer who was permitted to examine the camps. This gentleman reported that the Boers were extremely hungry,

although they had the same rations as the soldiers who guarded them. They were accustomed to larger meals. Very likely; but when you are a prisoner of war, you cannot have all the comforts of home. Do the military authorities in the Philippines give their prisoners better rations than they give their own troops? Then the Boers are badly off for clothes, and warm-hearted Americans are sending them lots of new garments. These charitable persons will be interested in the following passage from the Countess of Galloway's description in the *Nineteenth Century* of the Boer prisoners in Ceylon: "They seem to have some odd fancy for wearing their old clothes, even though they may be in a dirty and insanitary condition, while they carefully hoard stores of new ones." When they get leave on parole, and their property is searched, "it is not unusual to find two or three perfectly new suits and pairs of boots carefully stowed away." I hope this will not chill the enthusiasm of American subscribers to Boer relief funds.

Mr. Vizetelly will be surprised to learn that he is paid by the British Government. It is a niggardly Government, and I really believe that if a deserving journalist were to knock at the door of No. 10, Downing Street, and ask for a bag of gold, he would be sent away with contumely. Disbursements are made, when there are any, from the Secret Service fund, and when that instrument of corruption was last heard of, it came out that the Treasury was rather proud of having saved most of the money. This is the unbusinesslike way in which the British Government conducts its horrid machinations. I can see Dr. Leyds smiling a superior smile. So indifferent is our official world to patriotic merit that the Inland Revenue agents are always trying to make me pay income-tax twice over. If I were to address a petition, recounting my public services, to Sir Michael Hicks Beach, that flinty-hearted man would consign it to the waste-paper basket. In Napoleon's day it was believed in France that every enemy of the Emperor was bought with "the gold of Pitt-Coburg." That metal does not circulate now; at any rate, our newspaper offices never see the colour of it. When the British Government is moved to any considerable expenditure, it buys war-horses ("more fit for ladies' phaetons than for army work") at four times their value, putting enormous sums into the pockets of foreign contractors, who are probably enthusiastic admirers of General Botha. The thought subdues me to "melancholy with her moony smile;" as Mr. Stephen Phillips would say.

I am of those who hold that Mr. Phillips has made a worthy thing of his "Ulysses" at Her Majesty's Theatre. When he stood before the audience on the first night, he had an air of Napoleon at St. Helena challenging fate. It was quite unwarranted. Some of the "gods" made uncomfortable sounds, like the phantoms in Hades, but it was because the night was long, and they could not, like Zeus in the play, drain a goblet handed by the deft Ganymede, and then send a playful streak of lightning down the slopes of Olympus in sheer gaiety of heart. "Ulysses" left memorable impressions on the minds of most of us. Mr. Phillips has sought his dramatic motive in the yearning of Ulysses for his home, and the yearning of Penelope for her husband; and with these elements he has constructed scenes of great force and beauty. I linger over the pathetic vision of Ulysses in Hades, entreating the ghosts for news of his wife, and chilled by the shade of Agamemnon, slain by his own wife Clytemnestra, "the first night, the sweet night of my return." "Penelope! I'll kiss thee and fear not," cries Ulysses, and to him Agamemnon—

Never so sweet was Clytemnestra's kiss
As on that night, her voice, never so soft.

At Her Majesty's you find, not for the first time, that poetic imagination of a high order has a natural ally in the actor-manager. That should be comforting to the enthusiasts who crave for a playhouse subsidised out of public funds or private munificence. I am all in favour of a subsidy; but until it is forthcoming let us back the spirited policy of Mr. Tree, who does for the poetic drama what Sir Henry Irving did for it at the Lyceum. It is a triumph for liberal taste to have produced a play like "Ulysses." The subsidised theatre could have done no more, though it would have done this, no doubt, at a smaller risk. As for the source of that subsidy many of us dream of, it is not likely to be a public fountain. He is a sanguine man who imagines that taxpayers or rate-payers will ever consent to endow a theatre. Any statesman who took up this policy would cause a new schism in our party system. But if a syndicate of wealthy amateurs could be formed to build a temple for national opera and drama, why should cultivated playgoers flout the scheme?

Dr. Conan Doyle gives a very interesting account in the *Times* of the distribution of his pamphlet on the cause and conduct of the war. There is already a circulation of 250,000 copies in this country. The pamphlet is in course of translation into all the European languages, but, needless to say, Dr. Doyle cannot find either a German or a Dutch publisher. Such is the ideal of fair play in Germany and Holland!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

The lyrical fervour and luxuriant fantasy of Mr. Stephen Phillips's delightful muse, the spectacular splendour and fine taste of Mr. Tree's generous stage-management, find happy association in the new drama presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, and based on the epic romance of the "Odyssey." In "Ulysses," it is true, the author of "Herod" has composed no play of compact unity, rather a lovely dramatic poem explanatory of superb Homeric tableaux; and study of the playwright's choice of incidents emphasises an impression of his pictorial preoccupation. Rejecting the episodes of Nausicaa and Polyphemus, merging Circe's charms in those of Calypso, rightly making the climax of his story the wanderer's return and vengeance, Mr. Phillips has selected as his hero's great test the descent into Hades. Profoundly impressive as a stage picture, with its dim mysterious distances and flitting, wailing ghosts, fittingly adorned with sombre and stately verse, this Hades act has nevertheless small dramatic significance. Fortunately the farewell of Ulysses and Calypso, one long melodious and passionate duet, and still more the Ithacan scenes, surging round the patient figure of sad Penelope, are full of romantic colour and tension. Ithaca, indeed, allowed Mycenaean architecture of barbaric gorgeousness and archaic costumes of richly harmonised hues, has inspired the grandest efforts of spectacle and design, such as almost efface recollections of occasional incongruities, due largely to the playwright's lack of humour. Nor is it merely in scenic illustration that Mr. Tree has done his best for a noble stage-work. Thanks to his enterprise, Mr. Coleridge Taylor supplies a very modern but interesting musical score, and a capital company has been engaged, not to act—the play's characters are stereotyped—but to declaim. In declamation the actor-manager himself, picturesque and pathetic as the wily hero; Mr. Oscar Asche, a chief suitor, magnificently resonant and virile; Miss Constance Collier, an Athene of goddess-like aspect; Miss Nancy Price, a competent Calypso; and Miss Lily Hanbury, a beautiful and affecting Penelope—gave general satisfaction, and helped to render "Ulysses" the most striking of Mr. Tree's many memorable productions.

"ARIZONA," AT THE ADELPHI.

Judged simply on its mechanical side, the new American melodrama, "Arizona," staged suitably at the restored Adelphi Theatre, has no very novel recommendations. Its *dramatis personæ* are the stock puppets—wrongs hero, tempted wife, martinet husband, licentious villain, humble victim, avenging lover. Its situations are the stock situations—a young officer innocently compromised, falsely accused of murder, and triumphantly acquitted by court-martial. Nor is Mr. Augustus Thomas's piece redeemed by breathless pauses and surprises like those of "Secret Service" or harrowing agonies as of "The Heart of Maryland." Still, it has other merits—it is not called "Arizona" for nothing. There is a refreshing air of real American rusticity about all the ranch scenes, a delightfully unconventional actuality about the dialogue, especially the love-passages. A gloriously breezy old farmer of big physique and as big a heart, and an arch and teasing madcap of charming tenderness, inspire with sincerity every character with which they associate. Moreover, the American company acts with whole-hearted energy and vivacity. Three of the players, Mr. Theodore Roberts, who, in the farmer's rôle, shows what can be made of the art of pantomime; Mr. Vincent Serrano, a *jeune premier* with a vigorous, cheerful style; and Miss Olive May, a soubrette actress of delicious piquancy, are welcome recruits to our not too well-stocked London stage.

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS," REVIVED AT WYNDHAM'S.

The freshest and cleverest comedy produced for a decade, it was only to be expected that "The Tyranny of Tears" would soon be revived, especially as Mr. Wyndham has been able to secure again the services of the four players with whose personalities the four chief parts are now almost identified. The play is noteworthy, not only for its interesting idea—the idea of a husband forced to let his wife have her way because of her tears—but also for its detailed study of a novel type of the independent young girl—that of a candid and unsentimental daughter of a large and poor clerical household. This is the character created and still played perfectly by Miss Maude Millett, while Mr. Fred Kerr represents one of his many eccentric bachelors. Miss Mary Moore is the tearful wife, and Mr. Wyndham expends his brilliant comedy gifts on the rôle of the husband. Criticism of the piece would now be scarcely well timed, but it may be remarked that a comedy "of temperament" scarcely justifies its description when ending with a conventional marital reconciliation. In real life there would have been no ending, no reconciliation, and, it is to be feared, precious little comedy.

"MIXED RELATIONS," AT THE ROYALTY.

Some five years and a half ago Mr. Bourchier presented at the Royalty Theatre "The Queen's Proctor," an adaptation prepared by Mr. Herman Merivale of

Sardou's famous farce "Divorçons." The other night Mr. R. C. Herz pluckily staged at the same theatre Miss Kate Santley's rendering of the same play under the title of "Mixed Relations." There is not much to choose between the two versions, save that the Royalty lessee's contains a rather truncated third act, while both unwise refuse to preserve the original French atmosphere. Happily, in "Mixed Relations" there is retained much of M. Sardou's highly spiced wit, as well, of course, as the droll bargain by which husband and lover change places, with all the disadvantages of marriage on the latter's side, and all the glamour, and ultimately the wife, on that of the husband. Miss Sarah Brooke, who essays the famous rôle of Cyprienne, associated with Réjane and Violet Vanbrugh, attacks the tirades with no little spirit, and gets a pretty note of childishness into the wife's pleading moments. Mr. Herz, young also, has not the voice of a middle-aged man, nor does he suggest sincerity in moments of marital indignation, but he makes a pleasing impression as the husband quaintly wooing his own wife. The discomfited lover is played by Mr. Vane Tempest, and is made by him, quite rightly, a highly ridiculous fool.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour introduced the new Rules of Procedure, which have been met by a hostile motion on the part of Mr. Bowles. It is proposed that on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the House shall meet at two o'clock, transact private business for half an hour, discuss Government business till a quarter past seven, put questions to Ministers until eight, rise for dinner, sit again at nine, and hear at twelve any questions that may have been left over. Motions for the adjournment of the House shall not be discussed before the evening sitting. Questions as to breach of privilege shall be referred to a Committee. Friday instead of Wednesday will be the short day, so as to give fatigued members a liberal "week-end." Offences against the decorum of the House are to be punished by twenty days' suspension for the first offence, forty days for the second, and eighty for the third, and the offender will not be readmitted to the House after undergoing sentence until he has apologised to the Speaker. This drastic remedy for disorder provokes the liveliest indignation in a certain quarter.

The report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Inefficiency of the Remount Department of the War Office led to warm debates. It was shown that no trouble was taken to consult the best authorities as to the horse-supply in various countries. No application, for instance, was made either to the British Military Attaché at Vienna or to his colleague at Washington. When these officers telegraphed to the War Office they were ignored. Useless horses were bought in Hungary at absurd prices. The Inspector of the Remount Department knew nothing about his business. Mr. Brodrick said the War Office was so busy that it had left the matter of horses to a Yeomanry Committee. There had been no fraud, only incompetence. A thorough inquiry would be made when the war was over.

PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH MONarchs.

The earliest King who appears in the series of monarchs' portraits at the New Gallery is Richard II., seen in early youth. As becomes a diptych, it presents a medley of heaven and earth. The Infant Christ is introduced, and so is John the Baptist. The King wears round his neck a collar of broom-cods, and on his left shoulder is the badge of the White Hart; attendant angels wear the same livery. The picture's history bears witness to the gift-making qualities of the Stuarts; for Charles I. gave it to Sir James Palmer; and, after it somehow got back into the royal collection, James II. presented it to Lord Castlemaine. It is now the Earl of Pembroke's. From the Duke of Beaufort comes the portrait of John of Gaunt, son of one King and father of another, that other being Henry IV., whose portrait is here, showing him in his green dress, trimmed with gold and miniver, and holding the red rose of Lancaster in his right hand and the sceptre in his left. Henry VI., besides his miniver trimming, wears the S.S. collar and pendant. With the portrait of Edward VI., whose reign brings us to the middle of the sixteenth century, we have the name of an artist preserved—or, at any rate, assigned. The Edward VI. lent by Lord Pembroke is attributed to Holbein, and is not unworthy of even that high attribution. The pink he holds in his left hand must be almost conclusive evidence, among many other indications, of Holbein's handiwork. The portrait of Queen Elizabeth, by Zuccero, which we reproduce, is a three-quarter length life-size. The Virgin Queen is arrayed in a black dress, with richly jewelled white sleeves, ornamented with pink and white bows. She has necklaces of pearls and a collar of rubies and diamonds. In her left hand she carries a feather fan. Blanchet's portrait of Prince James Francis Edward Stuart, the eldest son of James II. and Mary of Modena, is commonly known as the "Old Pretender," but more courteously the Chevalier St. George. The three-quarter-length figure, painted life-size, is clothed in a red mantle, lined with

ermine and worn over armour. The powdered wig completes a rather theatrical effect. The Stuarts cannot be said to have owed always to their painters the romantic enthusiasm they have evoked. This portrait does nothing to perpetuate the Vandyke presentation of earlier members of the family; nor does Sir Godfrey Kneller's half-length of James II., who is shown in the robes of the Garter, holding in one hand his hat with ostrich feather, while, as an accessory, the crown of England lies upon a table to the left.

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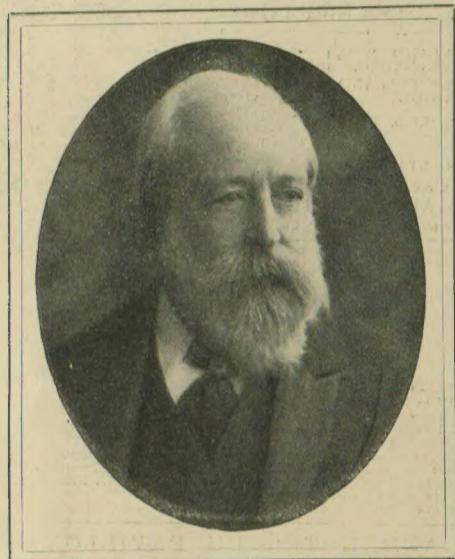
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KING EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY GIFT
TO THE KAISER.

By the hands of the Prince of Wales, as we announced last week, his Majesty King Edward sent as a birthday gift to the Emperor William a copy of Antoine Pesne's famous portrait of Frederick the Great. The original hangs at Windsor Castle. The Kaiser was particularly gratified by the gift, not only on account of the subject, but because it belongs to a period after which, as Carlyle says, authentic pictures of Frederick are sought for to little purpose. Antoine Pesne is believed to have been born at Paris in 1684, although that date is questioned by certain authorities. Pesne studied under his father, Thomas, a portrait-painter, and under his uncle, Charles de la Force. He then proceeded to Venice to improve his method, and returned afterwards to Paris, where he was received into the Academy. He finally settled at Berlin, where he held the appointments of Court Painter to Frederick the Great and Director of the Academy.



MR. G. F. BODLEY (NEW R.A.)

Pesne's works consist chiefly of historical pieces and portraits, which won great applause from the Court. Many examples from his brush adorn the galleries of the Berlin Schloss and the Palaces of Potsdam and Sans Souci. The Dresden Gallery contains also some elegant genre pictures from his hand. The portrait of Frederick the Great now at Windsor is probably his best-known work. It was engraved by Wille.

ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

The new Royal Academician, Mr. George Frederick Bodley, has for many years belonged to the outer circle at Burlington House, and his promotion from the ranks of Associates to those of full members raises rather above the normal the representation of architects among R.A.'s. The names of Mr. Bodley and of Mr. Frampton appeared together on the board, and there was very nearly a tie in the result, which, however, finally

placed Mr. Bodley uppermost, and left till another and early date a similar recognition of the sculptor's claims. Mr. Bodley has had long practice in his profession; and many beautiful works of his attest to his fine taste, his expert powers as a designer, and his sense of beauty in decoration and finish in craftsmanship. The patron

Ingram may be named in this connection with Mr. Bodley. Very different from the church at Clumber, in its requirements and surroundings, is the church at Camden Town, to which Mr. Bodley brought equally a true sense and adapted his means to a desired end. Of his work in the interiors of churches, the organ case in St. Matthew's, Chapel-Allerton, near Leeds, may be cited as a specimen; while the rood-screen in St. Paul's Cathedral supplies a specimen of Italian treatment less common among the works of an architect who is before all things a Goth. Mr. Bodley has a country-house—Bridgefoot—in County Bucks, the charms of which, and of the river that skirts his garden, he has sung in many a feeling verse. A similar expression has been given—in a volume of "Poems" published three years ago—to his love of music and his devotion to painting and to sculpture.

Mr. Matthew Ridley Corbet, the new Associate of the Royal Academy, has spent a good deal of time abroad, and though he is well known to all connoisseurs who have

KING EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO THE KAISER OF A COPY OF PESNE'S
"FREDERICK THE GREAT": THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT.

must be allowed to share with the architect himself the credit of works which derive their perfection from the free hand left to him, and the unstinted means placed at his disposal. The Duke of Newcastle and Mrs. Meynell

which, so far as it goes, may console the admirers of Mr. Stott, since that artist was not set aside in the final vote through any preference for work of a painter with any less refined outlook or any coarser handling than his own.

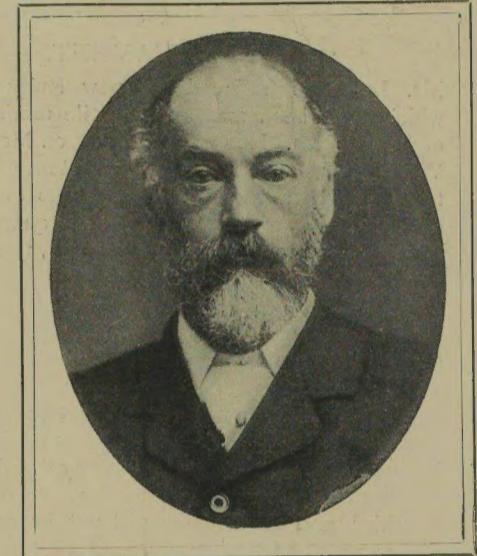
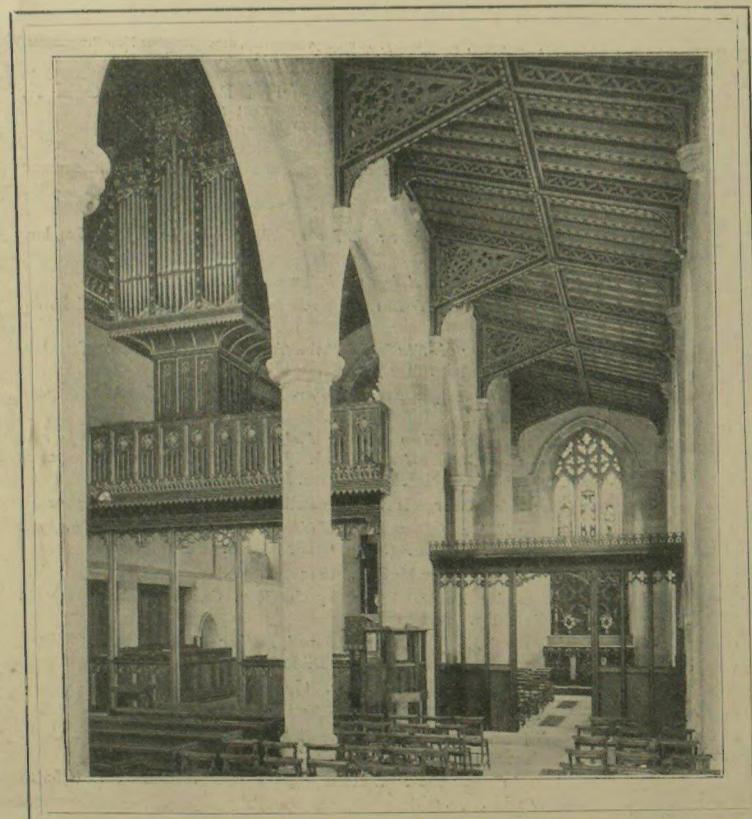
Photo. Russell.
MR. M. R. CORBET (NEW A.R.A.)

Photo. Bolas.

SIDE CHAPEL AND ORGAN CASE BY MR. G. F. BODLEY, R.A.

Photo. Dixon.
"SPRING."—BY MR. M. R. CORBET, A.R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTION: THE NEW ACADEMICIAN AND ASSOCIATE AND SPECIMENS OF THEIR WORK.

"THE MONarchs OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND" AT THE NEW GALLERY.



HENRY VI.
Reproduced by kind permission of Eton College.



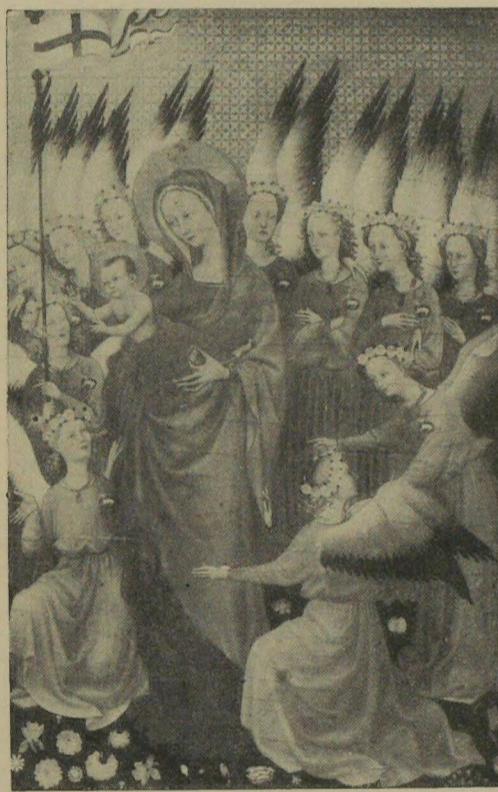
JAMES II.—SIR G. KNELLER.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. C. Penruddocke.



HENRY IV.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Earl of Essex.



RICHARD II.: DIPTYCH OF TWO WINGS IN DISTEMPER.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Earl of Pembroke.



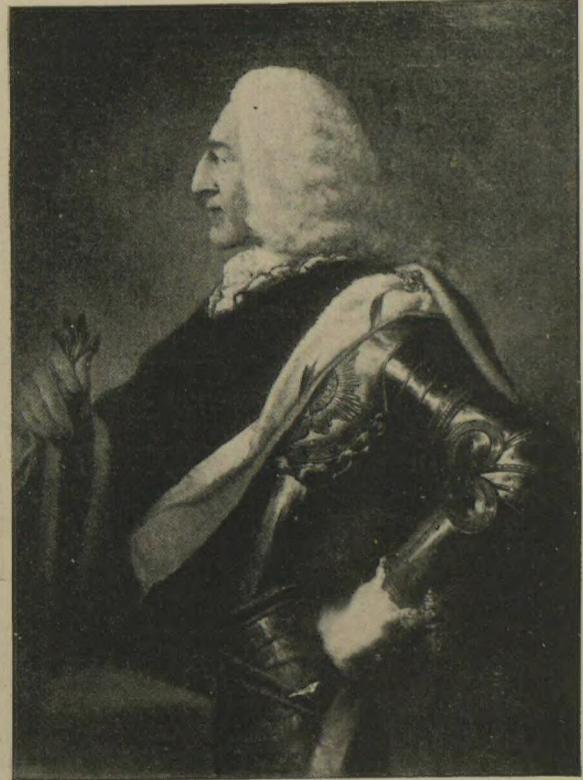
QUEEN ELIZABETH.—F. ZUCCHERO.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. H. Dent-Brocklehurst.



JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER.—LUCA CORNELLI.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Duke of Beaufort.



EDWARD VI.—ATTRIBUTED TO HOLBEIN.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Earl of Pembroke.



PRINCE JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD STUART.—T. BLANCHET.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. W. J. Hay.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SALE OF THE KING'S HORSES.
Pursuing his policy of a gradual disposal of the Sandringham stud, his Majesty on Feb. 4 held another sale at his Norfolk residence. King Edward, owing, it is understood, to State business, was unable to be present, but the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, paid a visit of inspection to the sale-ground just before the business of the day began. The brood mare Solace fetched the highest price, being knocked down to Lord Rothschild for 575 guineas. A sum of 450 guineas was paid by Mr. Salamans for the two-year-old filly Ruby Glimpse; and Sir J. Blundell Maple was the highest bidder for Mountain Echo, a yearling filly, which fetched 350 guineas. Mr. Beck, of Peterborough, was the auctioneer.

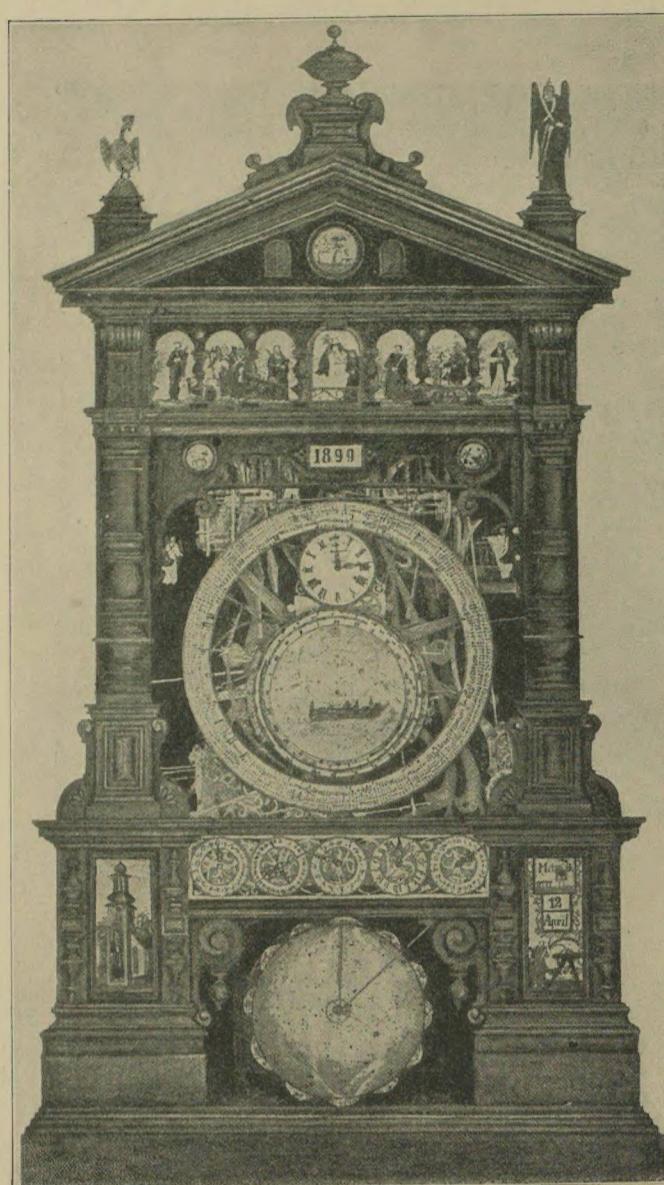
THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.
The events of the Prince of Wales's visit to Germany have already been recorded in these columns, but it still remains for us to describe briefly Mr. Melton Prior's sketch of the "Gratulationscour," or Court of Congratulation, which we publish this week. On the morning of Jan. 27, after Divine service in the chapel of the Royal Castle, the Emperor and his family, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, proceeded to the White Hall, the band meanwhile playing "Wilhelm von Nassau." Here all the high Imperial officials and the foreign Ambassadors passed in order before the Emperor and Empress, offering their congratulations. Our picture was taken at the interesting moment when the British Ambassador was paying his respects, and when Count von Bülow, having bowed to the Empress, was making way for another dignitary.

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION.
The makers of Court robes are now hard at work on costumes for the wear of peers and peeresses at the coming Coronation, for it is no longer the fashion for nobles of ancient lineage to array themselves in tattered and faded robes in order to give ocular proof of the age of their titles. Many coronets, too, have to be manufactured for those peers created since the last Coronation, and "samples" are to be seen in numerous windows. The new design for the peeresses' robes is on view in the Earl Marshal's office. Several alterations have been made. A velvet bodice, trimmed at the top with white fur, and having an empiècement of embroidered lace down the middle, takes the place of the heavy corsage first decided upon. The kirtle joins the bodice in an inverted V, and its two sides in front are embroidered. The cloak is now made like a Court *manteau*, and is slipped over the sleeves, which have a narrow velvet strap across the shoulder, and a short sleeve ending in a mass of lace.

BEACHY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

Rapid progress has been made during the last twelve months with the new lighthouse at Beachy Head, largely owing to the ingenious trolleyway from the top of the cliffs to the works, on which the whole of the material used in the building has been carried. Since the masonry has risen above high-water mark, shown in our illustration by the dark weed at the base of the structure, it has been possible to continue the work throughout the day,

irrespective of the tides. The last portion of the stone-work, that on which the lantern will be set, is now being fixed. Our illustrations, which were taken about a week ago, show the lighthouse with the tide at its lowest point. The erection of the new lighthouse was decided upon some time ago, the authorities finding that the light known as "Belle Toute," which had formerly served, was inadequate in certain weathers owing to



A WONDERFUL ASTRONOMICAL CALENDAR CLOCK.

the height at which it is stationed. The new lighthouse will do much to render even safer than it is at present one of the most dangerous parts of the English coast

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLOCK.

Twenty-four years ago a humble German weaver, inspired by the wonderful clock in Strasburg Cathedral, set about making one that would surpass it. In the effort, although he had a grant from the Emperor, he was reduced almost to beggary. This astronomical calendar clock shows the day, the month, the season,

appears bearing an hour-glass, while another blows a trumpet. On the left side of the clock is a cock, which five minutes before noon flaps its wings, stretches its neck, and crows. Spring is symbolised by a cuckoo, and summer by a quail; while autumn is represented by a bull at the feet of St. Luke, and winter by the lion of St. Mark. All these creatures utter their appropriate cries. At noon and midnight a figure of the Saviour appears, accompanied by His twelve Apostles. There are also musical chimes which play melodies after the "even" hours. Not content with his tremendous labours, the inventor, Herr Julius Späth, has written three volumes descriptive of his clock.

For beauty of construction, richness, completeness, and precision, the clock challenges comparison with any existing piece of mechanism. The work consists of 2200 parts, 142 of which are wheels. Each part is itself a masterpiece. All the wheels, legs, levers, and bridges are the constructor's own handiwork, and are ornamented with flowers and creepers in fretwork. The cabinet of the clock, in the Renaissance style, is of old oak, veneered and polished. Its height is 215 centimetres, with the pedestal 265 centimetres, the breadth 105 centimetres, the depth 54 centimetres. The weight of the whole clock is a little more than three hundredweight. The cabinet is constructed in such a way that one is able to see the full working of the whole clock through the front glass and the side glasses, which are divided by columns.

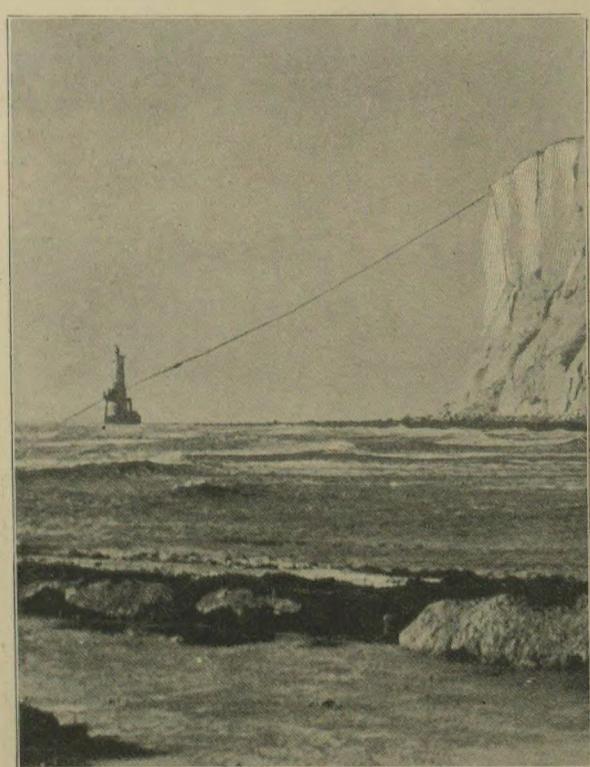
While at work on the clock, the inventor had to sell by degrees everything he could spare. His wife, extremely indignant, complained to the magistrate, who promised her his help, being convinced that a man's mind must be deranged who thought himself clever enough to make an astronomical calendar-clock even surpassing that of Strasburg. No clockmaker in the world, he thought, would have dared to make such an assertion as this peasant did. On account of continual mental activity and anxiety, the watchmaker got into such a state of mind that he was declared to be insane by his relations, his friends, and the authorities of the place. They put him into a strait-waistcoat and sent him to a lunatic asylum. He at length regained his liberty and completed the work.

SANTOS DUMONT AT MONTE CARLO.

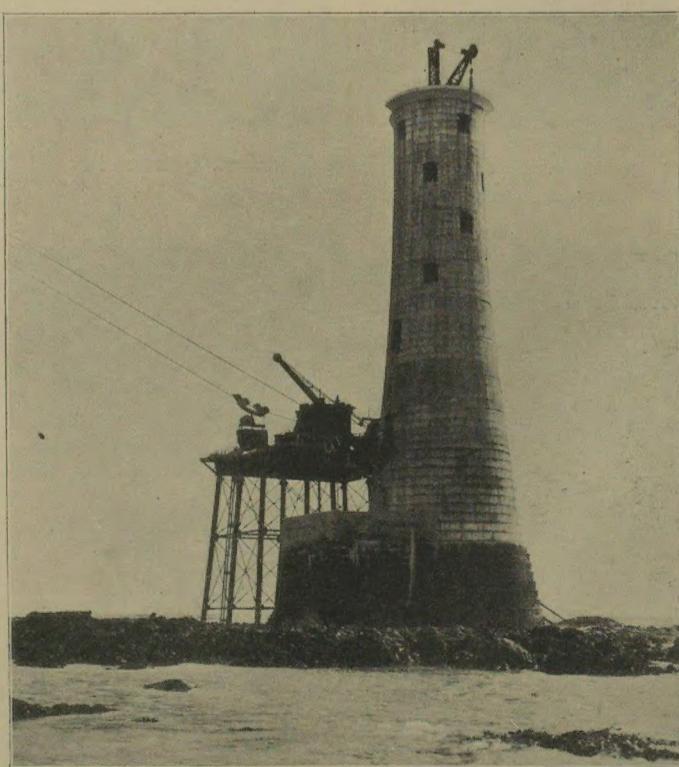
Favoured by splendid weather, M. Santos Dumont began his experiments with his new air-ship on Jan. 28, at Monte Carlo. M. Santos Dumont ascended at half-past ten, and after going round the bay at Monaco, he returned to the shelter in the Condamine. In the afternoon he continued his experiments, and the balloon, followed by a steam-yacht of forty tons, skirted the bay and then proceeded out to sea for about a mile. On the return journey

M. Santos Dumont again circled the bay and gave an admirable demonstration of delicate handling of his machine by making it follow the line of the Boulevard Condamine at a very short distance from the ground. For the first time the aéronaut has been accompanied by a friend, M. Aimé, a fact which alone testifies to the increased security and navigability of his balloon. It is said that the speed was so great that the yacht was unable to keep up with the machine, and that M. Dumont stated that he could have crossed the Mediterranean with ease. On Jan. 23 the Empress Eugénie, accompanied by Mdlle. d'Allonville and M. Frances-

chini Piétri, visited the shed which M. Santos Dumont has had constructed at Monte Carlo for the accommodation of his balloon. The Governor of the Principality was also in attendance. The Empress remained three-quarters of an hour with the inventor, and asked him many questions regarding his balloon, which was at the moment being inflated. With his customary charm of manner, M. Santos Dumont did the honours of his workshop.



THE LIGHTHOUSE AND THE CLIFF: SHOWING THE ROPE-WAY.



A RECENT VIEW OF THE WORK, WITH THE STAGE OF THE ROPE-WAY.

THE PROGRESS OF BEACHY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BREACH, EASTBOURNE.

the year, the sign of the Zodiac, the phases of the moon, and the positions of the stars. It also foretells eclipses of the sun and moon, and presents a perpetual calendar. Like its great Strasburg prototype, the clock is embellished with many automatic figures. Two angels strike the quarters; there are also figures representing the angel of death and the four ages of man. At the striking of the full hour an angel

PERSONAL.

The so-called "peace proposals" of the Dutch Government have come to naught. The British Government was invited to authorise Dr. Kuyper's Ministry to ask two Boer delegates to go to South Africa and discuss the situation with their colleagues there. Lord Lansdowne pointed out that no Boer delegates had made this suggestion for themselves, that there was no evidence of their existing authority, that the Boer generals could communicate with Lord Kitchener when they wanted peace, and that the British Government objected to any kind of foreign intervention.

The *St. James's Gazette* states that Lord Salisbury will retire from the public service at the end of the war. Should this come about before June, he will not wait for the Coronation before resigning office. The Prime Minister is seventy-two, and the burdens of his position press upon him very heavily.

The Right Rev. Reginald Stephen Copleston, Bishop of Colombo, who succeeds Dr. Welldon as Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, was born at Barnes Rectory in 1845. Educated at Merchant Taylors' School, he was afterwards elected to a Classical Post-mastership at Merton College, Oxford, where he took a First Class in Classical Moderations, and a Secundin Literæ Humaniores. In 1869 he was elected to a Tutorial Fellowship at St. John's College. Six years later he was ordained priest,

Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT REV. R. S. COPLESTON,
New Metropolitan of India.

took his D.D. degree, and was consecrated Bishop of Colombo—a succession of events the more remarkable for their rapidity in the case of a man only thirty years of age. The "Boy Bishop" has already justified in his Indian work the high opinions he won in the Schools, as a tutor, at the Union, and as joint editor of the *Oxford Spectator*, and he enters with excellent prospects on his now enlarged field. The new Metropolitan married in 1882 a daughter of the late Archbishop Trench.

Mr. Chamberlain has withdrawn the ordinance which was to have substituted English for Italian as the official language of Malta within twenty years. This step has been received in Italy with the warmest appreciation, and Mr. Chamberlain is eulogised by all the popular journals. Count von Bülow must feel this acutely.

Dr. Max Nordau, in the *National Review*, touches the root of Continental Anglophobia. "The result of five hundred years of English history is the mastery of the seas, the possession of the greatest colonial empire the world has ever seen, the astonishing expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the resentful hatred of the nations from whom England has once or oftener had to exact respect for the English flag, or whom she has had to drive from the sea or various shores."

The death of Sir John Braddick Monckton, on Feb. 3, occurred after a brief attack of pneumonia. A Kentish man, he was born in Maidstone in 1832, and after leaving Rugby he became a solicitor, carrying on business with Mr. Peter Long, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1873, when a vacancy arose for the post of Town Clerk of London, John Monckton became a candidate. His father before him had been Town Clerk of Maidstone, so that the candidate came before the electors with what might be called hereditary qualifications, and,

against formidable opponents, he won the vote which only a few days before his death was recorded in his favour for the thirtieth time. In 1858 Sir John married the sister of his partner, Mr. Long; and Lady Monckton's name later became well known in connection with the stage. One of his sons, Mr. Lionel Monckton, is well known in musical and theatrical circles.

The sixth number of the *Connoisseur* lags no whit behind its predecessors in beauty of production and excellence of matter. The description of the Solon collection of Wedgwood English pottery is continued by the collector. Mr. Joseph Grego discusses the art of artistic advertisement in the eighteenth century, and Mr. Frank Rinder gives an account of the book sales of 1901. A particularly attractive feature of this magazine is the evidence of extreme care and fastidiousness in passing the special plates through the press.

The Rev. A. B. Davidson, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the New College of the United Free Church of Scotland at Edinburgh, died suddenly on Jan. 26. Born in Aberdeen in 1840, he was educated for the ministry, and in 1863 was ordained and appointed colleague of Dr. John Duncan, Professor of Hebrew. Admittedly one of the first of Hebrew scholars, he had a large influence on the thought of the younger generation of Free Church ministers, and became a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee. Other literary labour, including the issue of a grammar, testified to the great learning which Cambridge rewarded two summers ago by its honorary degree of LL.D., and Glasgow in like manner only last year.

The number of uniforms possessed by members of the royal family recalls those of the familiar inventory of

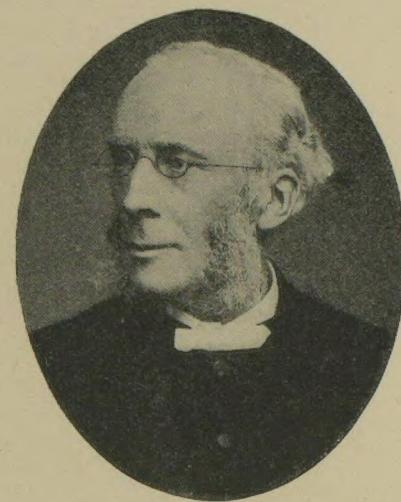


Photo. Moffat.
THE LATE REV. A. B. DAVIDSON,
Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis.

failures. Mr. Zangwill demands that the money should be applied to the only project that has a chance of success, the colonisation of Palestine on the Zionist model.

A new expedition is being fitted out in quest of the treasure believed by Mr. E. F. Knight to lie buried in an island in the South Pacific. Mr. Knight searched for it about a dozen years ago without success. It is valued at a million sterling. Anybody who wants to join in this adventure must pass a medical examination and put down £150.

The Municipal Council of Rome, through the Mayor, Prince Colonna, has expressed its thanks to the Kaiser for the statue of Goethe which his Imperial Majesty has presented to the Eternal City. Signor Santucci, in supporting the Mayor, eulogised Goethe, and pointed out that Rome possessed no statue of Dante. He begged the Council to supply the omission.

The Right Rev. Christopher George Barlow, who has been elected by the Synod to the Bishopric of Goulburn, in succession to the late Dr. Chalmers, has passed the whole of his ministerial life in Australia. Ordained deacon and priest in 1881 and 1882 by Dr. Stanton—whom he was later to succeed in the see of North Queensland—he was successively curate of Mackay, Vicar of St. Paul's, Charters Towers, Missionary Chaplain, and Vicar of the Pro-Cathedral at Townsville. In 1891 he was elected Bishop of North Queensland in succession to Dr. Stanton, now Bishop of Newcastle, New South Wales. Bishop Barlow, whose election is a point with those who advocate the placing of local men in high ecclesiastical office, has led an active and a wandering life; and his knowledge of up-country settlers will now stand him in good stead.

Mr. H. W. Lawson has left the Liberal Party and joined the Liberal Unionists. He says he has taken this step because he cannot find in the utterances of the Liberal Imperialist leaders any definite repudiation of Home Rule. Mr. Lawson was at one time an ardent Home Ruler, and sat in the House of Commons as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone.

Colonel Picquart, writing in the *Grande Revue*, says that England will come out of the South African War stronger than ever, and suggests a new Triple Alliance of France, England, and Italy to overawe Germany. Clearly Colonel Picquart is not one of the Frenchmen who regard us as the hereditary enemy, and are more incensed by Fashoda than by the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

Dr. Engel, of Berlin, has written two forcible articles on the controversy about Shakspere and Bacon. They show that the Baconian delusion has no hold in Germany. In the *Monthly Review* Mr. Andrew Lang dissects Mrs. Gallup's cypher narrative, and shows it to be utterly nonsensical.

The appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson, K.C.B., to be Governor of New South Wales, is significant of the increased importance attached to the administration of the naval and military forces of the Colonies in their relation to Imperial defence. The new Governor, who was born fifty-eight years ago last November, has been in the naval service since 1857. In the following year he was present at the capture of the Peiho Forts; and, soon afterwards, was publicly thanked on the quarter-deck of his ship for jumping overboard at night to save the life of a marine. He became Captain in 1877, and received the thanks of the Admiralty for plans made for the defence of the Suez Canal. In Cyprus, in Egypt, and in South Africa he has done important service, and his capture of Benin City will be still remembered, as also the part he took in command of the Channel Squadron when the body of Queen Victoria was borne from Osborne to Gosport.

Those interested in the Hooligan problem may aid the solution by befriending the Camberwell Boys' Shelter Home, conducted by the Police Court Mission. The house, which has done excellent work, is old and dilapidated, and an opportunity of purchasing the site and of building new premises has arisen. The Secretary of the South London Police Court Mission, 134, Camberwell Road, will gratefully acknowledge contributions.

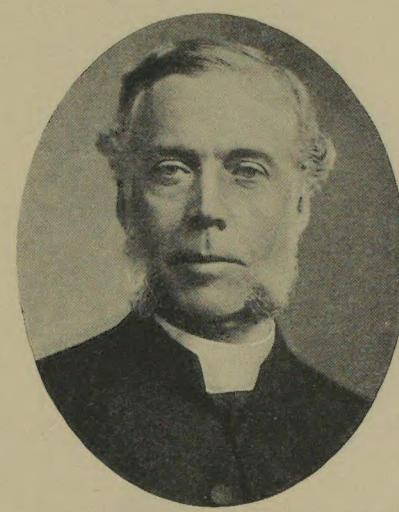


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT REV. R. S. COPLESTON,
New Metropolitan of India.



Photo. Downey.
THE DUKE OF FIFE,
IN THE UNIFORM OF LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe. The Duke of Fife is not likely to shorten, as son-in-law of the King, the list of honorary and other titles that in any case would come in his direction, many of them accompanied by costumes. Though this is the first portrait of the Duke of Fife in his dress as Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, he has held that post for a period of two years, having succeeded to it on the death of the late Duke of Westminster.

The incidental music of "Ulysses," written by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, is naturally interesting, as is all of his work. It was marred a little, as far as the preludes and the entr'actes were concerned, by the repetition due to stage-waits. Nor has Mr. Taylor availed himself of the archaic scales and form of music that would suggest itself for the Homeric period. Comparisons are generally ungraceful; still, the music of "Ulysses," compared with the bizarre "Hiawatha" music, is certainly less satisfying. There is a gracious song given to Mr. Courtice Pounds that is elusive and haunting, but the concert-room will perhaps prove better the claim for "Ulysses" to stand the test of time. At present it amply serves for Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Zangwill has made a strong attack on the Jewish Colonisation Association. This body administers the millions left by Baron Hirsch for planting Jewish colonies in various parts of the world. They are all

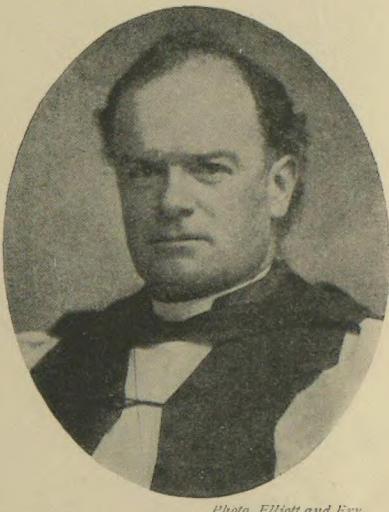


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT REV. C. G. BARLOW,
New Bishop of Goulburn, Australia.



Photo. Russell.
ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON,
New Governor of New South Wales.

THE SALE OF THE KING'S HORSES AT SANDRINGHAM, FEBRUARY 4.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.





Simon of York

By Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

No. V.

SIMON OF YORK TURNS HIS FACE TOWARD OXFORD, AND IS SHABBILY TREATED UPON THE ROAD.

IT is told of Simon of York that, whereas other men carry from their University such a degree of learning as the stingiest doctor will grant them, he carried nothing but a cracked crown and a scanty pack. Be the reasons what they may, it is certain that he quitted Paris in some haste towards the end of the year 1482, and without any delay turned his steps to Oxford to complete a course of studies which such poor fortune hitherto had attended. Historians there are who say that the vintners of the Rue de la Harpe played a scurvy trick upon him; and resenting the costly asceticism he preached in the schools, they rolled him out of the city in a barrel. In any case, he appears to have left in a huff, and, shaking the dust off his feet at so godless a place, set out for Oxford and a change of fortune. When next we hear of him it is upon the road to Abingdon toward the close of a winter's day, when the river Thames was hard frozen and snow lay upon the fields. He rode a poor horse, says the record, and went leisurely, as one given to reflective pursuits. The same story tells us how, when still a mile from the village of Abingdon, he fell in with three young men, who were to prove his benefactors.

Now, Simon of York knew little of Oxford, save that which he had learned from the letters of a kinsman who dwelt with the Black Friars of the city; and being very anxious to have some instruction both concerning the studies which awaited him and his manner of entering upon them, he greeted the three young men very affably and at once engaged them in talk.

"Sirs," said he, "I perceive very plainly by your dress that you are among those who believe with Phædrus in the riches of learning. I, Sirs, am one who is about to ask of this great city of Oxford such treasure as she will give to me. If it be agreeable to you, permit me to enjoy your company a little way upon the road that our journey may be shorter."

The three young men, whose horses were well caparisoned, and who had the air of good-humoured fellows, changed some words together before one of them answered Simon. Too courteous to express any astonishment, either at his doleful visage or his pompous greeting, the youngest of them presently doffed his cap very politely and welcomed him in the name of the University of Oxford.

"Sir," said he, "I give you good-day. We return, as you imagine, to the schools of the city. You, I perceive, are a stranger who has lately come from France. There is none more welcome in the place to which you go. With right good content will we lie this night at Abingdon in your company. Ay, and we shall make no complaint that Oxford shuts her gates at curfew, for good beds await us at the Golden Cross yonder, and I doubt not that we shall find the inspiring bowl of which Master Horace has spoken."

Now, Simon was a little vexed that he, who had fled from Paris to escape the wine-kegs, should hear of them again so soon in another country. At any other time, it may be, he would have rebuked the speaker; but the night was cold and the hour was late, and the lights of Abingdon shone welcome upon the road before him. So he urged his good horse forward, and forgot the mention of such carnal things.

"I know not what your doctrines be," said he, "but I am a Thomist of the school of John of Paris and Bernard of Trilia. Surely, in Oxford I shall find many

followers of the *perseitas boni*; but that is less my concern at the moment than to know in what manner I must present myself to the Chancellor, and what he will ask of me. Some learning I carry, yet little else. If Oxford be not belied, Sirs, she will welcome me rather for that which I bring in my head than in my pack."

"A true saying," answered one of his companions. "What says Seneca, the philosopher: 'He makes the best use of riches who needs them least.' Your needs will be few at Oxford, Master—"

He paused as though to wait for the other's name, and Simon, very ready to oblige him, told as much at once.

"My name is Simon Montlibet; but I am more commonly known as Simon of York, whose kinsman is the Abbot of Fountains. Will you not permit me to know, Sirs, who my good friends may be?"

The three students were somewhat taken aback at this plain request; but the eldest of them, being the first to recover his wits, replied with some candour—

"We, Sir, are known in the halls and colleges as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Thus is the fashion at Oxford, as you will presently discover. So soon as your pupil's robe is bought, for without that you cannot pass the gate; then must you take some name from the Scriptures, by which men call you henceforth. Let me suggest to you that Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylonia, who in some measure expressed that stern authority of which I see you are the possessor, might well be your choice. Should you think more of this, count upon me as your friend. I will myself speak of it to the Chancellor."

Simon was a little perplexed at such unlooked-for counsel, and declared that he would ponder it a while. What troubled him, however, was this: that the young man had spoken of a student's robe, without which no stranger could enter the gate. Simon of York carried nothing in his pack but a woollen shirt and his newly printed copy of the works of St. Thomas. He began to ask himself in some alarm if he could pass the gate at all?

"For your counsel I thank you," he said solemnly; "yet, God witness, I know nothing of this matter of the robe, nor of the gate which is shut without it. Is it true, then, Sir, that I must pass in other habit than the simple gown of black I wear?"

"Indeed, and you must," put in the second of the horsemen; "whatever grace you may win afterwards to wear your own cloak, believe me that it will never carry you into the city of Oxford. Since the days of Abelard it has been decreed; Master Simon, that those *in statu pupillari* shall present themselves in the habit which the statutes demand for a devoir to the Chancellor. Odd indeed that none has made any mention of it to you; but I doubt not that we can arrange it this night, and, assuredly, should we be very lacking in courtesy to a stranger if we did not use our best endeavour. I beg you, Sir, rely upon us in all things, and make no mention of any charge until your own convenience be suited."

He bowed with grace, as who should say, "This is a trifle, think nothing of it." The worthy Simon could not but receive such a proposition with gratitude. Fortune beyond the ordinary seemed to attend him at his coming to Oxford City. Indeed, he began to find the three young men very pleasant companions, and their tales of the prodigies of learning achieved by them and their masters won his heart entirely. Many learned men had he known in his time; but these youths of Oxford surpassed all belief. As for Shadrach, the eldest of them, he made a

boast of being able to recite the Scriptures from the first word to the last. "But, Sir," said he, "I perceive that our pronunciation of the Latin tongue is so very different that, I doubt not, did I begin, you would not understand a word of it. Moreover, there are the lights of Abingdon town. Let us press on, that we may settle the matter of your robe without delay."

Simon would well have had auricular testimony of so scholarly an accomplishment, but being very anxious about his gown, he assented gladly, both to the proposition and to the claim. No less cordially did he receive the assurance that Meshach and Abednego had recently been mentioned for their learning in the Holy Father's bull. It was both a pleasure and an honour, said he, to consort with men of such prodigious attainments; and when, at a later hour in the town of Abingdon, the three drained vast draughts of good red wine and hot spiced ale, he left them without rebuke; and telling himself they were already seeking him a student's robe, he went off to his devotions and his bed.

It was early in the morning when the worthy Simon awoke, yet not so early that the three young men who accompanied him to Abingdon yestereve had not already left the town and set out for Oxford. Somewhat disconcerted at this discovery, he summoned mine host, Oliver, who came up to him with beaming face and pleasant mien, and told an honest tale. Not a groat would Master Oliver consent to take for all his kindness.

"Your friends discharge the reckoning," said he; "they are worthy men, and go before you to warn the Chancellor. Ye would not have a poor welcome, Master, or a silent one. I doubt not there will be doctors at the gate and much feasting when you ride in. As for the clothes I bring you, they are in the fashion of the novice's habit from time immemorial. Be grateful to your benefactors and hasten to dress yourself. You are a happy man to have bells on your shoulders, and thus be reminded of your mother, the University, wherever you go. Understand, Master Simon, that the cap is the cap of ignorance which learning takes off. You will meet many in such a garb upon the road, and will call them brothers. Do not be distressed at a custom which all obey. Your own pack, Sir, is already tied to the ass."

Simon, who listened to all this with his big ears very wide open, started up at the mention of an ass.

"The ass!" cried he; "what mean you by that? Where, then, is the horse I rode yesterday?"

Mine host, benevolent man, stuck his thumbs into his breeches' pocket, and looked at Simon very curiously.

"Come," said he, "'tis easy to see that you are a stranger here. What! A student ride in upon a horse when such is for the Chancellor alone! By my faith, Sir, they'll have no horse in Oxford City, I do assure you! It is an ass that must carry you, for humility's sake. But your good beast I'll tend; and that trifle you shall discharge at your own convenience. These worthy men have done you a friendship, and you must get up and dress, Sir, if you would not keep a Chancellor waiting."

Simon, in a state of still greater astonishment, got up from his bed and regarded his new clothes with some little curiosity. They were astonishing garments, it is true, and the trunk-hose, he said, were such as any juggler might have worn. Parti-coloured, one half a rich carmine the other a dirty black, it seemed to him that they were far from new, and already had seen much service, by the

way; but the jerkin was even more wonderful, and its flaring orange colour troubled the eyes sorely. So garish indeed was the whole dress that Simon certainly would have hesitated, under other circumstances, to have put it on at all; but, lo and behold! when he looked for his own clothes he could not find them, and it became plain to him that he must either go in this odd disguise or in the scanty nightclothes which friendship had left to him. Simon did not imagine that he could enter the city in a shirt of rough wool, and therefore he dressed himself; and, being dressed, the bells on his shoulders tinkled pleasantly, and wherever he turned that dulcet music followed him.

"Now, by the Virgin," said he to himself, "this city of Oxford is a strange place. I have heard of many odd customs that are to be observed therein; but that learning should go cap-à-pie with a juggler's dress is a thing they make no mention of! Let me not, however, complain of my misfortune. Here are three honest fellows seeking to do me a service and to teach me the customs. By-and-by, when my name is honoured in the University, I shall decry this habit publicly, and cause another to be adopted. But at present I must remember my condition, and do as others have done before me."

Such philosophy helped him to content, and going downstairs to the courtyard of the inn, he encountered many right courteous fellows, who helped him on his ass and gave him "God-speed." He was not a vain man, and his heart was warmed by such kindly bearing. Perchance, he thought, these worthy folk had heard of his reputation in the University of Paris. Oxford might have still greater rewards for him. Which happy consolation sent him swiftly upon his road, and striking the ass sharply, he said farewell to Abingdon.

Biambeau, the French juggler, watching Simon of York ride away in the clothes which the three young men had bought of him, returned to the inn in a merry mood.

"A murrain on the mischievous dogs!" cried he. "Their poor friend will certainly be whipped at Oxford's gate!"

It was about the hour of noon when Simon crossed the river-bridge at Oxford and rode boldly to the city's gate. He had looked for some honest welcome upon his entering the city; nor did the day disappoint him. Nevertheless, he thought it odd that he encountered none upon the road dressed as he was; and more curious still that such as he met should cry after him, "There goes Biambeau the juggler!" This, however, he understood to be some merry greeting; and he was as bold as brass again when he approached the gates and beheld the spires and domes of Oxford rising up as the towers of some mighty citadel before him.

"Now indeed," said he in his heart, "now indeed is my journey ended. In yon fair city will I kneel to the Mother of all learning and seek her favours. To God be the thanks that I have left that scurvy Paris behind me. And oh, my Patron, give me humility, that I draw near in just obeisance to his holy shrine."

At the words, he thumped his ass and drove him sharply across the bridge. A great crowd of students loitered upon the far bank, and he observed, to his surprise, that they were dressed very solemnly in black; yet not so meek in manner but that they greeted him uproariously with shouts of "Welcome, Biambeau!" "Oh, thou merry one!" and such pestilent cries. Simon, accustomed to the humours of Paris, made light of such pleasantries, and pressing on through the throng, he came at last to the gate, and presented himself to the warden there. Judge of his astonishment when violent hands were immediately laid upon him, and he was dragged from his ass as any paltry thief might have been.

"How!" cried an angry voice; "you would ride into Oxford in spite of the Rector's decree! Shameless knave! We will have you at the whipping-post ere the day be done!"

Simon, rubbing off the bruises which he received from the fall, turned angrily on the warden, and demanded to know what was the meaning of such an insult.

"Is this your welcome to the stranger at your gate?" cried he. "Out on you for a rogue and a varlet! Surely shall the Chancellor know this very instant! Go to him and say to him that Simon of York, who would be known as Nebuchadnezzar—"

The burly warden, caring no more for Simon's threat than for his angry looks, cut him short unceremoniously and dragged him to the guardhouse.

"Be you Nebuchadnezzar or the devil it makes no difference," said he. "The Rector forbids you to perform in this city, and perform you shall not while I have charge. This way, my fine fellow; we will see who is master, you or I!"

Simon's indignation had been almost too great for speech while this indignity was put upon him; and afterwards, when he felt himself pushed headlong towards the guardhouse, he protested in so loud a voice that passers-by reined in their horses to ask what the matter was. As for the students, the more angry the worthy Simon became, the louder did they shout out, "Bravo, Biambeau!"

"I am Simon of York, that has taken the name of Nebuchadnezzar, as the statutes decree!" was his retort

to them all. "You are mad to speak of jugglers! This day I have come to Oxford to enter myself at University College. If this man were not a very drunken fellow he would see as much. Take his hands off me, I beg, for they hurt me very much."

Simon turned to the students as though he would appeal to them for help; but they, friends of a juggler always, did but cry, "Courage, Biambeau!" The gate-keeper himself, harassed by the press and caring nothing what Simon said, or threatened to say, shook him like a rat, and hurried him toward the guardhouse. In two minutes he would have been safely under bolt and bar; but it chanced just then that the Warden of Magdalen College passed by from the Priory of St. Frideswide; and hearing the tumult, and observing that students were engaged in it, he stopped to ask what the matter was.

"Biambeau the juggler, your Honour, come to the gate in spite of the decree."

The students echoed it, crying altogether, "Bravo, Biambeau the juggler!" The Warden, on his part, being a merry fellow, and not a little given both to the flesh and the devil (as evil report had it), loved a juggler above all things, and made haste to force his way to the place where Simon stood.

"How now!" exclaimed he; "who are you, and what are you doing here, my fine fellow?"

Simon turned to him as to the one sane person in all that throng of madmen.

"I am Simon of York, Sir," said he, "and I have taken the name of Nebuchadnezzar, according to the statutes. This fellow here is so drunk that he mistakes me for another! I beg you cause him to be whipped, and let me go upon my way."

The Warden regarded Simon with no little amusement; nor was he moved in any way by so frantic an appeal. Firmly believing that a juggler had been trapped, and that this was but an idle tale to escape a whipping, he began to ask himself how he might profit by the circumstance.

"You are certainly mad," said he; "but a pleasant rogue for all that, I'll wager! Tell me now, whence come you?"

"I am from Paris, Sir, from the Rue de la Harpe, where I have long studied to make myself a worthy Thomist. If I have been ill-used by my enemies there, that is no reason why Oxford should imitate them. Let me seek your protection while I search out my kinsman and the three young men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego."

The Warden roared with laughter at the sally.

"You are an idle rogue," said he good-humouredly, "and, I doubt not, can tumble like a ball for the tennis! As for your tale, you shall tell it where fewer listen. We will have a word of the black art, and a flask upon it. Come, now, will you tumble for me if I take you to Magdalen College?"

Simon swore a great oath that he was no tumbler, nor ever had been; but the students, delighted at the turn affairs had taken, laid violent hands upon him and led him up the street. A very triumphal procession passed anon through the gate of Magdalen College, and the doors being closed, the mob without roared loudly, "They have taken Biambeau the juggler, and he dances before the Warden!"

Now, Master Ridley, the Warden of Magdalen College, was, as we have said, a very merry fellow. Given to all good things, to wine and to meats, to jest and to music, he had enemies, nevertheless, who would tell you, apart, of his ventures in black magic, and of long vigils when he and his friend, the devil, kept company together. Truly, he was famed for no little cunning as an astrologer, and it being known that he sought the elixir and other masterly secrets of the universe, the Fellows of Magdalen viewed him with no little favour, while many a zealous monk would willingly have burned him in the market-place. These dangers Master Ridley circumvented by good living and good laughter, so that he made a jest even of his traducers, and turned to his own advantage the very accusation they brought against him.

"In faith," said he, "if I keep vigil with the foul fiend, then be there many little devils of this University to share the bottles with us. Charge me with what you will, my masters, while the wine-cup passes! Ay, there is your elixir, if ye know but how to use it wisely!"

Such a retort turned hostility to jest; nevertheless, Master Ridley ran some risks.

We say that he ran some risks, and in this are not unmindful of Simon of York or of his presence in Magdalen College. Master Ridley, believing the wretched Simon to be some poor devil of a tumbler whom malchance had directed to Oxford's gate, was of a mind to let him go cheaply with a word or two of friendly advice, and a flask of wine in his gullet. "But first," said the Warden to himself, "he shall amuse us in the refectory, and if he come from Paris, he shall show us what the French know of common magic." With which excellent purpose he caused Simon to be conducted to the dining-hall of the college, and there, some of the younger fellows being summoned to the entertainment, and not a few standing curiously at the doors, he called upon Simon for an exhibition of his skill.

"You are a bold knave to ride to Oxford's gate," said he, "and I do not know what clemency keeps you

from the whipping-post. Nevertheless, since a sore back serves no man, I am of the mind to see what kind of wares you bring us, and after that to say what shall be done. Come, my friend, let us see you juggle!"

Simon stared at the Warden as though some spirit of madness had risen up suddenly before him.

"What!" cried he, "does a man come to Oxford to juggle, then? Surely this is strange learning! I am Simon of York—

They cut him short with a cry, "Silence, impudent dog! Let us see you juggle!" and one, putting a staff in his hand, said, "Here is wand, now give us an antic!" But Simon turned upon this fellow very angrily, and striking him on the head with his own staff, sent up such a roar of laughter as made the rafters ring.

"So will I juggle for you, caitiff!" roared he. "Am I, then, fool or jester that you should mock me scathless! Cursed day that brought me to Oxford City at all!"

He threw down his staff, and stood passionately before the astonished Warden. A hush fell upon the company, while some began to ask themselves if any mistake had been made. In the fields without there was now a great concourse of students who, not knowing the truth of the affair, believed that Biambeau the juggler had really been taken by the Warden of Magdalen, and who cried loudly for his release—

"Give us Biambeau the juggler!" "Would ye whip an honest man whose offence is laughter!" "Ho, ho! Black Ridley hath trapped him for the magic sake!" "Come out, Master Ridley, with your friend, the devil!"

These and similarly impudent reflections were heard even in the refectory, as the sound of some looming tempest. Master Ridley the Warden, greatly perturbed that such things should be said of him, began to be afraid that the very college would be stoned.

"Hark ye, fellow!" cried he to Simon, "we have had enough of this mischief! Hear yon outcry? They charge you with magic, rascal!"

Now, this was all very boldly said, but Simon, quick-witted sometimes as any in Oxford, perceived the Warden's evident alarm; and reflecting for a moment upon the means by which it might profit him, leaped suddenly to so clever a thought that not only did he escape his dilemma, but changed places with Master Ridley; and he who was accused became that instant the accuser.

"They charge me with magic, and justly," said he. "Was I not Simon of York, a humble scholar, but yesterday; and here at your touch, Sir, I am become Biambeau the juggler. Magic, as I live, and none shall rob you of the credit of it. Let all hear and know that Master Ridley of Magdalen College hath changed Simon of York from his former state to this new condition in which he finds himself. A merry tale, masters—shall we publish it abroad?"

This was the astute Simon's proud threat while he surveyed them all with a very proper confidence, and they in turn regarded him aghast. As for Master Ridley, he was greatly troubled at it, and could make no answer. That a jest had been played and a grievous blunder committed he no longer doubted; but what of his mention of black magic? This Simon of York, he said, might yet bring him to the stake.

"What!" he cried; "you charge us with magic, fellow!"

"Ay, since you charge yourself, Sir. Let it be noised abroad, I say—let the people know that I am brought here to teach you the black art as you wished. You are clever, Master Ridley, but all is not said yet. Oh, I'll be Biambeau the juggler, never fear you! I will not undo you, master. You shall have all credit of it—"

He was full of the threat and the mastery it ensured him; and as those about him drew back in humble silence, he led the Warden to the window and pointed to the crowd without.

"They wait for the people's friend," said he; "would you have me go down to them, or is the jest best mended otherwise? It is for you to speak, Master Ridley, for you to name the bargain."

Master Ridley, very greatly distressed, took Simon by the arm and implored his pity.

"For God's sake, young Sir," cried he "remember what you do!"

Simon turned upon his heel and looked the Warden full in the face.

"I have need of a friend in Oxford," said he wisely; "let us go to your chamber and discuss it privily. This college is rich enough—and, well—I think we may come to an agreement."

The students cast about one thousand stones at Magdalen College, and being unable to bring out Biambeau the juggler, they turned toward St. Martin's Church for a little friendly brawl with the townsmen, of whom two were killed by dawn. Simon of York, clad in a Fellow's robe, was smuggled from Magdalen College at sundown, and came in safety to the monastery, which expected him.

"A fortunate encounter," said he to himself. "The robe that I lost was a sorry affair, and now this Warden has given me three excellent gowns, and a purse full of money besides. Let me remember the names of those three young men with gratitude. I see that I shall have no lack of friends in Oxford City."



Many right courteous fellows gave him "God-speed."

"SIMON OF YORK."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.

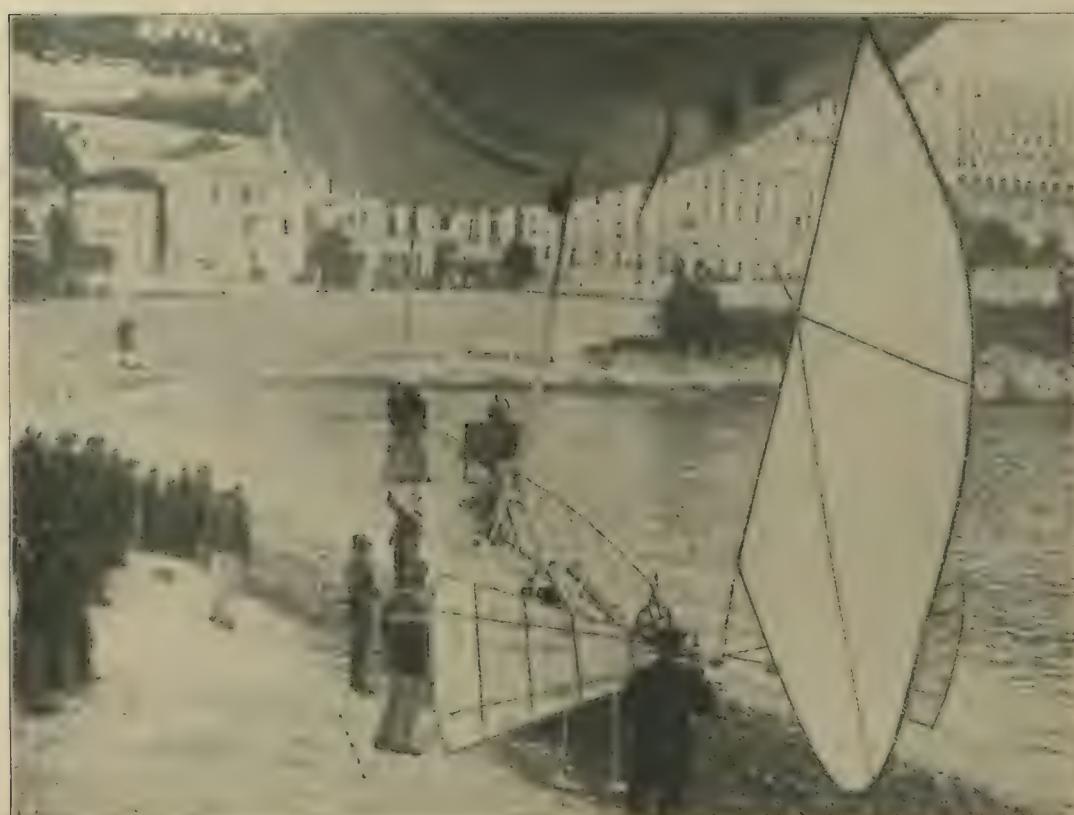
M. SANTOS DUMONT'S EXPERIMENTS AT MONTE CARLO, JANUARY 28.



THE "SANTOS DUMONT" PASSING THE POINT OF MONACO,
AS SEEN FROM THE HERMITAGE AT MONTE CARLO.



THE "SANTOS DUMONT" RETURNING ACROSS THE PORT
OF MONACO.



THE "SANTOS DUMONT" LEAVING THE SHORE OF THE PORT
OF MONACO.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE VISITING M. SANTOS DUMONT
AT MONACO, JANUARY 23.



Santos Dumont in Car. The Motor. The Rudder.
M. SANTOS DUMONT'S LATEST BALLOON.



THE "SANTOS DUMONT" LEAVING LA CONDAMINE (MONACO)
AND PASSING THE HERMITAGE.

P R E P A R A T I O N S F O R T H E C O R O N A T I O N.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



1. AT THE COACH-BUILDER'S.
2. AT THE SILVERSMITH'S.

3. AT THE ROBE-MAKER'S: THE LIVE MODEL
FOR PEERESSES' ROBES.

4. AT THE FURRIER'S.
5. AT THE ROBE-MAKER'S: FITTING A PEER.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO GERMANY FOR THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN.



The English Ambassador. The Prince of Wales. The Kaiser.

The German Empress.

Count von Bülow.

THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDING THE KAISER'S RECEPTION OF THE AMBASSADORS IN THE WHITE HALL OF THE SCHLOSS AT BERLIN ON JANUARY 27.

THE FRENCH SUBMARINE MANCEUVRES AT CHERBOURG: THE DEFEAT OF THE ATTACKING SQUADRON.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE FROM SKETCHES AND MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY A CORRESPONDENT AT CHERBOURG.

"Cassini," Considered to have been Sunk by Submarine.



"Triton."

"Tréhouart."

"Espadon."

VARYING FORTUNES: THE "TRITON" (SUBMARINE) ENTANGLED WITH A FISHING-BOAT, AND THE "ESPADON" (SUBMARINE) FIRING A TORPEDO AT THE "TRÉHOUART."

The "Triton," on fouling with the fishing-boat, had to rise to the surface, and was then put out of action by the "Tréhouart," at which a torpedo was fired by the "Espadon." The "Espadon's" position is marked by her periscope, the optic tube by means of which a submarine sees her way under water.



LITTLE DORRIT'S PLAYGROUND, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD MARSHALSEA PRISON, OPENED ON JANUARY 25 AS A PUBLIC RECREATION GROUND FOR CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

It would have delighted the heart of Charles Dickens to have been present when Lord Monkswell opened the playground, which is called after the novelist's heroine, Little Dorrit. The recreation ground is near the site of the old Marshalsea Prison, where Little Dorrit used to play and muse.



COALING WAR-SHIPS AT SEA: EXPERIMENTS WITH H.M.S. "TRAFAVGAR" AND THE COLLIER "MURIEL."

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

A special mast has been fitted to the collier "Muriel." This carries the Temberley-Miller apparatus and the aerial railway, along which coal is passed by the ton at a speed of over thirty miles an hour. A short mast in the stern of the battle-ship receives the coal on board. Already about forty tons weight of coal per hour has been thus shipped, and with practice this amount is sure to be exceeded. The battle-ship detailed for these experiments, which began on January 30, is the "Trafalgar," port guardship at Portsmouth.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. III.: EDWARD II., THE MARTYR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



DUNSTAN ANOINTING EDWARD II., THE MARTYR, AT KINGSTON, A.D. 975.



PENELOPE
(Miss Lily Langtry).

CHARLES
(Mr. Lionel Drougas).

TRIMACHES
(Mr. Gerald Lawrence).

PALLAS ATHENE
(Miss Constance Collier).

ULYSSES
(Mr. Beerbohm Tree).

ANTINOUS
(Mr. Oscar Asche).

"ULYSSES" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, FEBRUARY 1.—SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT: THE SLAYING OF ANTONIOUS AND THE OTHER SUITORS.

DRAWN BY G. AMADÉ

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Velvet Glove. By Henry Seton Merriman. (London: Smith, Elder, 6s.)
V.R.I., Her Life and Empire. By the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. (now his Grace the Duke of Argyll.) London and New York: Harper Brothers.
The Fireside Sphinx. By Agnes Repplier. (London: Gay and Bird, 7s. 6d.)
The Traitor's Way. By S. Levett-Yeats. (London: Longmans, Green, 6s.)
Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. Revised for press by Thomas Allan Croal, F.S.A. (London: Virtue, 42s.)
The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Andrew Lang. (London: Longmans, Green, 18s.)

There are American romancers, we understand, who will keep their heroes "on the fighting go," without bite or sup or a wink of sleep, for some one hundred and ninety hours on the stretch. Not of this kind is our Mr. Seton Merriman. He is more considerate of his puppets, himself, and us. No one will call him a "breathless" story-teller. Take his latest novel, "The Velvet Glove," for example. The present writer passed to it fresh from a novel of an earlier religious struggle, and was at once conscious of entering upon a calmer, frostier clime. Yet not a less romantic. The scene of "The Velvet Glove" is Spain of thirty years ago. In the absence of any knowledge of our own of the Spain of 1870, we accept the author's description of it as not knowing its own mind, the prey of Carlist intrigue, and only kept in hand by the strong will of Marshal Prim. Of the chief characters, Count Ramon de Sarrion and his son Marcos represent the anti-revolutionary party and the old nobility; Evasio Mon, the Clericals and Carlists. Mon lives much at Saragossa; the Sarrions have a town-house there, but are more often to be found at their home in the Moorish country—Torre Garda, in the Valley of the Wolf. The opening episode in the novel provides the link which brings Mon and the Sarrions into contact with one another. Don Francisco de Mogente, an old friend of Count Sarrion, is an exile in Cuba; his son is a foppish religionist, in the power of the Jesuits; while his daughter Juanita is at a convent-school, both at Saragossa. Mogente returns to that city, and is assassinated before he has been many minutes in it. Mon has connived at the murder; Count Ramon has been an eye-witness of it. He suspects Mon of seeking to obtain Mogente's fortune, which has been left to Juanita, for the Carlist movement; and summons his son, and with his aid, sets about freeing Juanita from the web that is being wound round her. Juanita at first is too hoydenish to be agreeable; but she develops into a capital heroine, though never, to our mind, specially Spanish. (Her cousin Peligros, by the way, is distinctly Spanish in name only: she is the prim maiden aunt of all countries.) The character of the hero, Marcos, with that of his father, is by far the best thing in the story; which we will not disclose further. It is absorbing, and, of course, well done; but also, to return to our original point, not "breathless"—almost too deliberate, in fact. Possibly the true explanation is that Mr. Merriman does not practise glamour. But if he had let himself go a little more in the romantic episodes of the story, and a little less when recounting the iniquities of the Jesuits or the follies of Cousin Peligros, "The Velvet Glove" would be even better than it is.

Until the official biography enriched with Queen Victoria's correspondence with the leading statesmen of her reign is published, the biography written by the Marquis of Lorne some years ago, and brought most carefully and intelligently up to date by the same writer (now Duke of Argyll), will remain the most interesting and authoritative account of the late Sovereign. Scattered through the book, in spite of the fact that the Duke of Argyll has evidently been at some pains to avoid the personal note, are many intimate passages, which give the work a true value, perhaps the most noteworthy being those few lines of the admirable preface, in which Queen Victoria's son-in-law describes how "that quiet examination by the open blue eyes of the Queen before she lets speech relieve the tension gave her an insight into the mind of anyone standing before her, which same habit, although formidable enough to a stranger, was part of the quiet method which distinguished her in look, judgment, and action." The writer was also fortunate enough to obtain from various people some matter hitherto unpublished concerning the Queen's childhood, notably some delightful notes taken by the Rev. G. Davies between 1823 and 1825, wherein are recorded several quaint anecdotes of the royal child of whom the world then knew so little. Again, excessively interesting is the admirable account written by the late Duchess of Cleveland, and published in this book for the first time, of Queen Victoria's marriage. The chapter which deals with the death of the Prince Consort adds little to Sir Theodore Martin's pages concerning the same tragic event. All the rest of the book is really a summary of events connected with Queen Victoria's private and public life, and though vividly written, does not greatly extend our information. In this volume, however, the Duke of Argyll proves conclusively how well he is fitted to undertake the more important and official biography of our late beloved Sovereign.

Miss Repplier did herself an injustice when she entitled her book "The Fireside Sphinx." Feline character is doubtless inscrutable to most people, but no writer with whom we are acquainted exhibits more sympathetic insight into, more discriminating appreciation of, cat-nature than does this lady, whose restrained humour makes her pages so readable. She knows that the self-respecting reserve which approaches hauteur in the well-bred cat masks individuality always strong, and qualities that richly repay study and encouragement. It is unfortunate that man should generally lavish affection upon the breed whose intelligence is in inverse

ratio to its beauty. Be it far from us to disparage the character and attainments of the Persian, but the circumstance that we have been privileged to enjoy the confidence of several Persians who have seen fit to extend to us the paw of intimate friendship does not blind us to the superior understanding and force of character which distinguish the common or pantiles cat. We think in Miss Repplier's compassionate sketch of cat-history we trace our own view: that centuries of persecution have moulded feline character; that the

Condé's place in the prison at Orleans, and so enables him to escape. There is the complication of the traitor Vibrac, however. Gaspard de Vibrac is a Huguenot and Marcilly's friend; and he is consumed with a passion for Marcilly's wife. Step by step he is led down the traitor's way. This interest in the story is most ingeniously interwoven with the historical incidents, which culminate in the defeat, for the time at any rate, of Condé's enemies. We are not certain, however, that Mr. Levett-Yeats has done wisely in putting the narrative into the mouth of the traitor Vibrac, who fails from beginning to end of it to enlist our sympathy; and his treatment of the jealous passion is somewhat too modern, it seems to us, to suit this romance of the sixteenth century.

The author of the charming volume, "Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots," remarks that in signing the death-warrant of her unfortunate cousin, Queen Elizabeth made Mary Stuart immortal on earth. The immortality, however, is one in which both honour and disgrace have been her lot, and probably no human life has ever formed the subject of closer scrutiny and investigation—about no throne has a fiercer light ever beaten. Her steps have been tracked as by detectives, every word and deed of her maturer years weighed and discussed as in a criminal trial; on the Mystery of Mary Stuart—her guilt or innocence in regard to her husband's death—volume upon volume has been written, but the truth, like the grave of the Israelitish patriarch, "no man knoweth unto this day." It is not, however, in any critical mood that the story of her palaces and prisons has been written, and on this account, embellished, too, as it is by many beautiful illustrations, it will probably be all the more attractive to the general reader. Not the least striking reflection produced by its perusal is the manner in which outstanding events or places in Queen Mary's life seem interwoven with the history of her race. Linlithgow, her birthplace, was also the scene of her half-brother Moray's assassination; her childhood was spent on Inchmahome, the last resting-place of Walter Stewart, Earl of Menteith. At St. Germain, one of her residences as Dauphiness of France, her descendant James II. lies buried; her prison in Loch Leven had, earlier, been the prison of her ancestor King Robert II. and his sons; and at Fotheringay her life ended, where her first authentic ancestor, Walter, High Stewart of Scotland, makes almost his first appearance in history.

It is in a severely historical and critical spirit that Mr. Andrew Lang enters upon his learned inquiry into "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," and if he unfortunately postulates a much more intimate acquaintance with the central question in the mystery—the famous "Casket Letters"—than the general reader possesses, he at least takes us behind and before the scenes, and shows us, by the help of lately discovered documents, how the enemies of the unfortunate Queen got up their case against her. It is impossible here to do more than glance at the problem. On the one hand, her detractors require us to believe that, in order to gratify a guilty passion, a woman, young (she was only twenty-five) and a Queen, deliberately plotted and urged on the murder of her husband, the father of her six-months-old son and heir. On the other hand, her defenders maintain that the accusation originated in a plot by her nobles—all more or less involved in the murder of her wretched husband as well as in that of his unfortunate victim Rizzio, all more or less guilty of treason and conspiracy against her own crown and life—and that the incriminating letters produced by them to bolster up their case were deliberate forgeries, manufactured to aid in preventing the restoration of their Queen to freedom and her throne—an event from which many of them had nothing to expect but ruin and death. Mr. Lang, by no means a partisan of the hapless Queen, conclusively proves that among the enemies who wove the web for her destruction were skilful and practised forgers, and some of the subtlest brains in Europe—notably, Maitland of Lethington. Impossibilities as to dates and other factors in the letters are amply proved, and the author confesses that they cannot be reconciled except by ingenious theories which conflict at almost every turn with the allegations of the actual prosecutors and witnesses at the trial itself. It is equally impossible here to attempt to summarise, much less discuss, the various counter-arguments, but it may, at least, be said that the unfortunate Mary was denied the right, granted to the meanest criminal, of being present at her own trial, or any access to the incriminating letters, or even copies of them. From some points of view, the most interesting feature of the book consists in the powerful pen-portraits of the principal actors in the tragedy—the licentious, brutal Morton, with the ancient Douglas and Stuart blood-feud ever boiling in his veins; the ungrateful, scheming Lethington and Buchanan, indebted, both of them, in time of direst peril, for life itself to the woman against whose life and fair fame they, later, employed their best energies and great abilities; the cautious Moray, with any little brotherly love ever finely tempered by his own self-interest; the bold, unscrupulous, but withal accomplished villain, Bothwell; and the contemptible Darnley, inheriting with the physical beauties of his Stuart, Douglas, and Tudor ancestors all their worst vices without one of their redeeming virtues. Equally well drawn is the picture of the times, and the struggle between two religions, in which unscrupulous nobles appropriate Church lands and band themselves together to defy any attempt by the Crown to prevent the spoliation. In the same spirit they stand tamely by and hear their Queen openly insulted by men with the name of God for ever on their lips, and malice, cruelty, and treason for ever in their hearts.



THE FIRESIDE SPHINX.

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resolute self-containedness of the modern cat is due to inherited distrust inspired by generations of martyrdom. Miss Repplier displays wide acquaintance with the cat of history, a knowledge drawn from so many sources that the slenderness of her information concerning the high position held by the cat of ancient Wales surprises us. This, surely the golden age of the cat, deserved more of her attention.

In his new romance, "The Traitor's Way," Mr. Levett-Yeats carries us to France in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the Court of Catherine de Medicis. It is the year of the conspiracy of Amboise. The boy King, Francis II., is dying. The House of Guise is in the ascendant; but Catherine is playing off the Huguenots against its rising power. Louis, Prince of Condé, the hope of the Reformers, lies in Orleans in the hands of



PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

From the drawing by Alec Ball, by permission of the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., reproduced from "V.R.I., Her Life and Empire" (Harpers).

the Guisards; his death is determined upon; and the Princess of Condé is in the keep of Châtillon, refusing to go further, and almost resolved to return to Orleans and share the fate of her husband. There the story opens. Now, among the Bourbon party was Jean, Comte de Marcilly; in figure, eyes, voice, gestures even, the very Shadow of Condé. As such he was generally known indeed, so conspicuous was the likeness. Every novel-reader will guess at once that Marcilly takes



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DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

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LADIES' PAGE.

Though Miss Florence Nightingale has nearly completed her eighty-second year, and has been in very bad health for long past, she does not cease to care for her fellows. She has just issued an appeal for funds for the Home for Invalid Gentlewomen, Harley Street, which was one of the earliest objects of her care. It was founded by a few ladies of position for the benefit of governesses in particular, for it was known that many of those poor ladies were thrown into great straits in the hour of sickness. Unfortunately, the Home at first was not well managed, and it had fallen into difficulties when Miss Nightingale, a year or two before the Crimean War, having just completed her training as a nurse at the Moravian Institution, at Kaiserswerth-on-Rhine, was begged to give her aid to reorganise and practically found the Home on a proper basis. She did so effectually. The result was another proof of the reward of faithful service promised in the parable. She was made "ruler over much" in the Crimea because the great ladies interested in the Harley Street Home had there had her ability in organising proved to them on a lesser scale. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, one of the patronesses, was a great friend of the then Secretary of State for War, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, and it was through this that Miss Nightingale was made known to the Government as the one person suited to take charge of the nursing of the wounded.

It is for that same Home for Gentlewomen that she now appeals so touchingly. "I ask and pray my friends who still remember me not to let this truly sacred work languish and die for want of a little more money," writes the founder of modern nursing, the woman to whom our Army and every sick person blessed by a good trained nurse owe much.

Mrs. Cliff
Scatcherd,
of
Morley
Hall,
Leeds, a
lady well
known in
the North
for her

public spirit and enlightened philanthropy, said the other day, in publicly presenting badges to the ambulance men returned from the front, that she could not understand why the services of Miss Nightingale to the Army had not been recognised by the State, "when so many very ordinary men had received decorations," and suggested that Miss Nightingale should be entitled "the Right Honourable" in connection with the Coronation. But Miss Nightingale would herself doubtless be indifferent to public honour, and would prefer her appeal being responded to generously. Honours are "to encourage the others." As Tennyson says of Virtue, all the worker asks is, "Give her the wages of going on and still to be"; but the devoted public servant none the less should be rewarded to incite others to emulation.

Looking round the church at the recent smart weddings, the eye was everywhere arrested by velvet; fur wraps were slipped off, for the buildings are, of course, warm; and green and grey and maroon and blue and black velvet seemed to dress half the fashionable women present. Lady Savile at her daughter's wedding wore pale grey panne velvet, with bands of gold-embroidered trimming, and a lace drapery on the bodice, fichu-fashion, crowned with a toque of filmy grey chiffon and sprays of white heather. Lady Tweedmouth wore royal-blue velvet with sable trimming; Lady Granby had a velvet of a lovely deep fawn shade; Lady Feo Sturt wore black velvet with pale blue at the collar. Next in popularity, perhaps, was a very different fabric—namely, crêpe-de-Chine. Lady Helen Stewart's beautiful trousseau included day-gowns in materials that may be considered as predicted for coming use, for even at Cairo they will not be possible at the moment. A feature is the use of net for the skirts of the smart afternoon toilettes, both white and black. This will to some extent oust in the spring the lace that has had such long popularity. One of the new Lady Stavordale's dresses is in white fish-net—i.e., net of a somewhat open kind, placed over white glacé silk, and handsomely embroidered with tints of palest tone, to be worn with a pretty coat of chené silk, fastened at the bust with a bow of black velvet, and having lines of narrow velvet drawn over the front of the skirt; vest and under-sleeves are of lace, and elbow-cuffs and revers faced with white silk. A picture-hat of black chiffon and ostrich plumes is to accompany the toilette. A net dress in black, decorated with innumerable tiny tuckings, the groups of which in downways lines are divided by lines of black velvet and

lace appliquéd, has a yoke of fine Alençon lace to the top of the vest, under a bolero bodice. Her more serviceable day-gowns are mostly in Irish tweed. Irish crochet, the much-favoured adornment for such dresses in Paris, is largely used as trimming for revers, yokes, and vests; and so are the costly forms of Irish lace, the Youghal rose-point and the softly folding and draping Limerick. A specially striking dress is an illustration of how smart blue serge can be made. It has a coat trimmed with narrow bands of white suède, which are bound at each edge with black and gold mohair braid, and further smartened with tiny gold nail-heads set on the suède at intervals. On the skirt, the black and gold braid is

and a satire on existing facts; and then, in a practical spirit, it was also considered that pale tints dirty quickly, and so were not in place in grimy winter—in towns at least. Well, this season all such notions have been voted old-fashioned. Roses in particular have wreathed round many heads with gay pink or deep crimson tints. White lace and fur are mixed on the hats with as much freedom as on the trimming of gowns. Quite a typical chapeau for this year of grace 1902 is one with a flat fur crown—say, ermine or chinchilla—a turn-down brim wholly covered with white lace, and a wreath of pink roses between fur and lace. It is very pretty indeed on a youthful wearer whose face harmonises with the roses.

Again, one of those strange spurts of fashion's favour that it is impossible to account for has been suddenly experienced by the edelweiss as a hat-trimming. It is used far larger than the natural flower, but the blossom itself has a sort of grey woolly look, and this is exactly imitated on a gigantic scale.

Another fancy much popularly approved is to thread ribbon through interstices cut in the shape, the ribbon in a different colour from that of the hat; and this will be carried into the spring hats, the new flat straws being very suitable for such treatment. Through these cut spaces silk scarves will be drawn, in a soft variety. Quills are produced artificially made up in pheasant's feathers, and cock's plumage has not worn out its popularity, though on the best hats ostrich plumes are perceived in the greatest numbers. The brims of hats are turned down or up, or crimped or twisted to suit the face; no one need be seen in an unbecoming headgear, providing she has had the natural gift bestowed upon her of knowing what really is becoming to her own style of beauty. Entirely floral hats are quite the latest, and sweetly pretty. No foundation or trimming is seen other than the blossoms, prettily arranged flat and low on the wide shape.

Riviera gowns are always to some extent harbingers of the coming

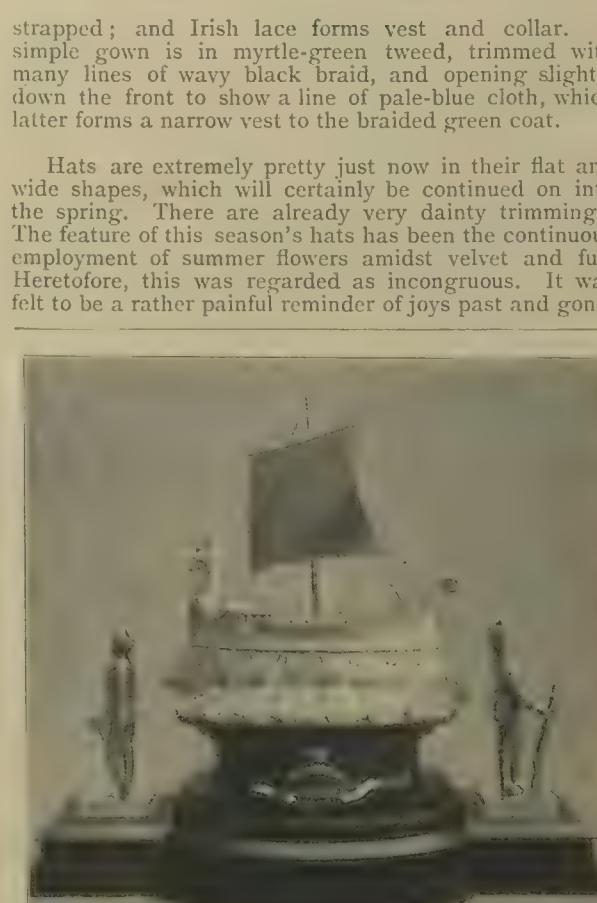
strapped; and Irish lace forms vest and collar. A simple gown is in myrtle-green tweed, trimmed with many lines of wavy black braid, and opening slightly down the front to show a line of pale-blue cloth, which latter forms a narrow vest to the braided green coat.

Hats are extremely pretty just now in their flat and wide shapes, which will certainly be continued on into the spring. There are already very dainty trimmings. The feature of this season's hats has been the continuous employment of summer flowers amidst velvet and fur. Heretofore, this was regarded as incongruous. It was felt to be a rather painful reminder of joys past and gone,

designs, but it is impossible to be far in advance in so fickle and uncertain a matter as the fashion that will be adopted. The dicta of the leading Paris couturières has much influence, but they themselves will admit that they are often mistaken as to the particular designs or styles that will meet popular favour. At any rate, it is clear that white will be very much worn in the spring. A three-quarter-length coat in white cloth, trimmed with long rows of white braid edged with gold braid, and finished off by a series of rows of tiny gold buttons set in rows of fives, a little sloping across the front of the coat, has been taken by one of our smartest Duchesses for her "flying South." A cream serge dress, made up as a Russian blouse, edged with real parti-coloured cross-stitch embroidery of the country from which the loose garment fastening at the left side is verily borrowed (only there it is the peasant who wears it), was to go with the coat in question. Delicate colours will be worn, but that almost "goes without saying" on the shores of the Mediterranean. Grey is being much favoured by the English visitors, and voile is a material much liked made up in this graceful colouring, with which a little yellow or pink combines best. Deep single flounces are placed on the newest dresses, and plain skirts, not greatly trained, are often laid in pleats all round sides and back, the front left flat. Lace has by no means lost its favour. An electric-blue voile inlet with lines of black lace finished with a black satin belt and a white chiffon pleated front was pretty, though not very remarkable. The Louis coats with their deep and rather full basques are much liked, and even quite thick materials so made up are finished off by narrow vests, cuffs, and outside pockets of embroidered silks, or dainty brocades, or pannés, or fancy taffetas. A lace cravat is also added to the vest, and a feminine touch is given at once by these details. The semi-long basqued coats are likely to be worn in considerable numbers, as a change from the short basques or boleros.

Very graceful indoor dresses of light cloth are depicted by our Artist. The first is trimmed with strapplings of glacé passing over bands of lace. The white satin collar and vest are daintily embroidered in silver. The other is a home toilette in soft cashmere or voile, trimmed with bands of coloured lace in a harmonising shade, and strapped with glacé of the same tone. Vest and undersleeves are cream chiffon.

FILOMENA.



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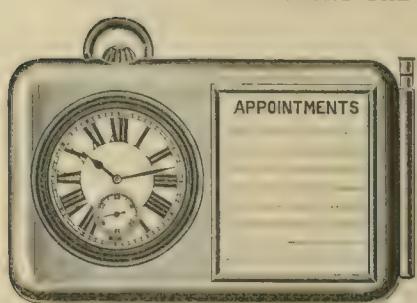
A NEW LOCATION FOR BOER PRISONERS: ST. JOHN, ANTIGUA.

The inhabitants of Jamaica petitioned the British Government that Boer prisoners might be sent to that island. They are, however, being landed at St. John, the capital of Antigua. From St. Helena is reported the arrival of another large contingent of prisoners, numbering 1050. Six hundred and fifty have gone to Deadwood Camp, and the rest to Broadbottom.

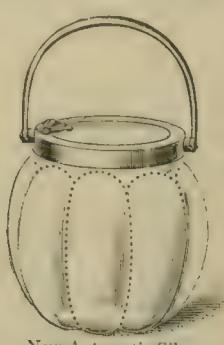
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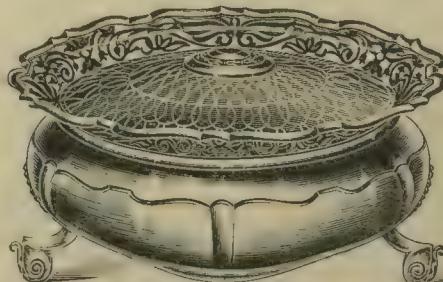
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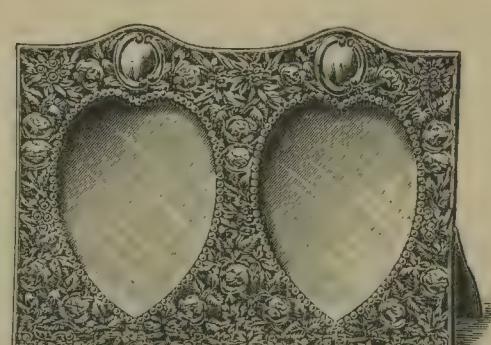
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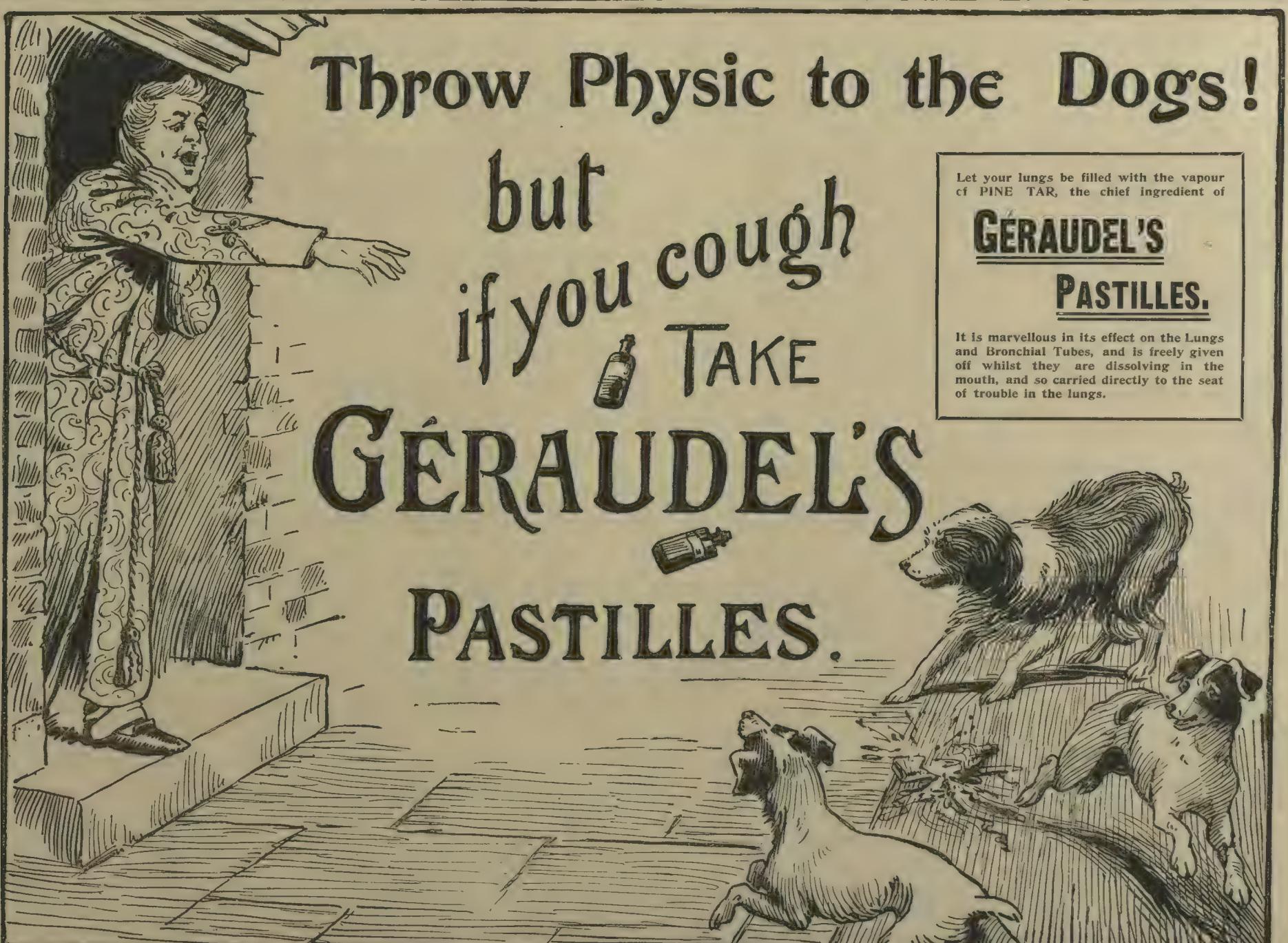
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The welcome announcement was made last week that the Bishop of London will be the preacher in St. Paul's during Holy Week, and that he will take the Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday. It is now some years since Dr. Ingram, then Head of Oxford House, took the Three Hours' Service at the Cathedral.

The Archbishop of Canterbury opened last week the Hoare Memorial Hall at the Church House, Westminster. The Hall is situated in the new west block, and will be used for the meetings of the House of Laymen of the Province of Canterbury. In the same part of the building are twenty-five rooms, most of which are used as offices by Church societies. The entire cost of the building is £22,000, towards which over £12,000 has been raised.

The Bishop of London had an opportunity a few days ago of showing that his interest in the Church Army remains as warm as ever. He dedicated the new Training Home in the Edgware Road, and spoke in cordial praise of Mr. Carlile, Mr. Clifford, and their fellow-workers. Miss Carlile, he said, was leading a noble work on the women's side. The Church Army struck a note that wanted striking. Large portions of the Church were too comfortable in doing their work, and there ought to be a higher standard. His Lordship remarked that the Church Army was not above taking a hint, even from a Bishop, to which the Rev. W. Carlile replied, "Delighted, my Lord." During the collection written promises of donations amounting to £1000 were handed in.

The United Free Church of Scotland is mourning the death of its most illustrious Professor, who since 1863 has filled with incomparable distinction the Hebrew Chair at New College, Edinburgh. Among Dr. Davidson's pupils were such men as Professor George Adam Smith, the late

Professors Drummond and Elmslie, Professor Andrew Harper, of Melbourne, Dr. James Stalker, Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, and Professor Skinner, of Westminster College, Cambridge. It is interesting to recall that it was Professor Davidson who, in 1870, conducted, along with Dr. Horatius Bonar, the funeral service at

was present in the morning at St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the evening gave an address in English at St. Peter's Church, Great Windmill Street, on "the Christian Duty of Obedience."

The Church of St. Barnabas, Oxford, is still without a vicar, as several to whom it was offered have declined the living. On the list of preachers for the spring are Canon Knox Little and Father Waggett. The church is prospering in all its departments under the care of the Rev. H. T. Adams.

It is proposed to present Bishop Perowne with an address and a replica of the Bishop's portrait by Weigall, to be kept with the other portraits of the diocese. A letter, expressing warm gratitude and acknowledging the great services of Dr. Perowne to the Church at large, has been addressed to him by the clergy and laity of the diocese of Worcester.

A curious correspondence has taken place between the Mayor of Canterbury and the Bishop of Hereford with regard to the chair used by St. Augustine on his missionary journeys. The Bishop said that the chair was removed some years ago from the chancel at Stanford Bishop, and the parishioners desired to have it returned. It was purchased some years ago from a former sexton of the church, who had rescued it from the hands of some masons who were about to burn it for fuel, and is now in Canterbury Museum. The Museum Committee have declined to return the chair, as they think it belongs by right to the Cathedral city. V.



LORD ROBERTS INSPECTING MOUNTED INFANTRY AT ALDERSHOT.

On January 30 Lord Roberts visited Aldershot, where he inspected eleven battalions of Imperial Yeomanry, four companies of Mounted Infantry, and the 6th (Militia) Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. Lord Roberts was received by Lieutenant-General Hildyard, and was escorted by the Scots Greys to the butts, where the Commander-in-Chief saw the Yeomanry at rifle practice, and then to the Queen's Parade, where the Manchester Regiment was under arms. Field exercise by the Mounted Infantry concluded the operations.

the Grange Free Church, Edinburgh, for his venerable predecessor, Dr. John Duncan.

Dr. Baronian, the Armenian Archpriest, has been in London during the last fortnight, in connection with Canon Gore's consecration. On Septuagesima Sunday he

by Dr. J. Sutherland, and published by Messrs. Houlston and Wright. This work has passed into its twenty-second edition, and is sold at the price of threepence. It can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and forms a complete guide to the treatment of accidents and emergencies.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Oct. 3, 1887) of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Martin, Bart., P.C., of 81, Merrion Square, Dublin, who died on Oct. 18, granted to Charles E. Martin and Wilfred Fitzgerald, the brother and nephew, the executors, was resealed in London on Jan. 27, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £262,539. The testator gives £500, his residence, with the furniture, etc., the income of £30,000, and certain real and personal estate formerly belonging to J. W. Corrigan, to his wife; £5000 to his nephew James Martin junior; an annuity of £500 to his sister Mary Teresa Martin; £3000 to Wilfred Fitzgerald; £2000 to Minnie Fitzgerald; £500 each to his cousins Mary Martin and Fanny O'Kelly; and, during the life of his wife, annuities of £400 to his brother William, £100 each to his nieces Catherine and Margaret, and £100 to the children of his late nephew James. On the death of his wife, he further gives £10,000, upon trust, for his brother William and his children; £2000 each to his nieces Catherine and Margaret; and £5000, upon trust, for the children of his said nephew James. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Charles.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1890), with five codicils (dated Dec. 21, 1894, June 15, 1897, and Feb. 27, June 19, and Nov. 20, 1900), of Mr. Henry Minchin Simons, of 72, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, and of

Singapore, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Jan. 27 by Mrs. Caroline Simons, the widow, Henry Nevill Simons, the son, and Florence Smith Wilson, the executors, the value of the estate in England and abroad being £157,142. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to his brother, Thomas Minchin Simons; £100 each to James George Cotton Minchin and Florence Smith Wilson; and a few small annuities to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then he gives his gold and silver plate and family pictures to his son; and the ultimate residue between his four children, Henry Nevill, Mrs. Ada Melville Picot, Mrs. Marion Sarah Hansard, and Mrs. Florence Caroline Ward, various funds settled on them to be brought into account.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1895) of Admiral Arthur William Acland, Baron Hood of Avalon, G.C.B., of 19, Queen's Gate Place, S.W., and Woolton House, Glastonbury, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Jan. 20 by Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., and the Hon. Robert Marsham-Townshend, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £84,806. The testator bequeaths £1000, and his furniture, carriages and horses to his wife; £50 each to his executors; and £400 per annum each to his daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon and the Hon. Fanny Sophia Hood, during the life of their mother. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and on her death he gives certain pictures, a two-handled

cup with a record of his service engraved thereon, the sword usually worn by him, and his orders, medals, and peer's robes to his daughter Mrs. Mackinnon for life, and then for her eldest son, and the ultimate residue to his said two daughters.

The will (dated April 9, 1896) of Mr. George Henry Maberly, J.P., L.C.C., of 121, Maida Vale, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on Jan. 25 by Gerald Clare Maberly, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £53,321. The testator gives £200, the use of his furniture and domestic effects, and an annuity of £600 to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Maria Maberly, and all other his estate and effects to his son.

The will (dated April 6, 1900) of Mr. Thomas Standbridge, J.P., of Harlsey Hall, near Northallerton, Yorks, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Jan. 22 by Arthur Cottrell, Marshall Standbridge, the son, and Mrs. Matthannah Frances Bourchier, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £43,049. Mr. Standbridge gives his household furniture to his wife; £100 to Arthur Cottrell, and the residue of his property to his children Marshall Standbridge, Mrs. Matthannah Frances Bourchier, and Philip John Standbridge, share and share alike.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1894) of Georgiana, Baroness Lyndhurst, of 5, Eaton Square, who died on Dec. 22, widow of the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, was proved on Dec. 22 by Dame Georgiana Susan du Cane, the

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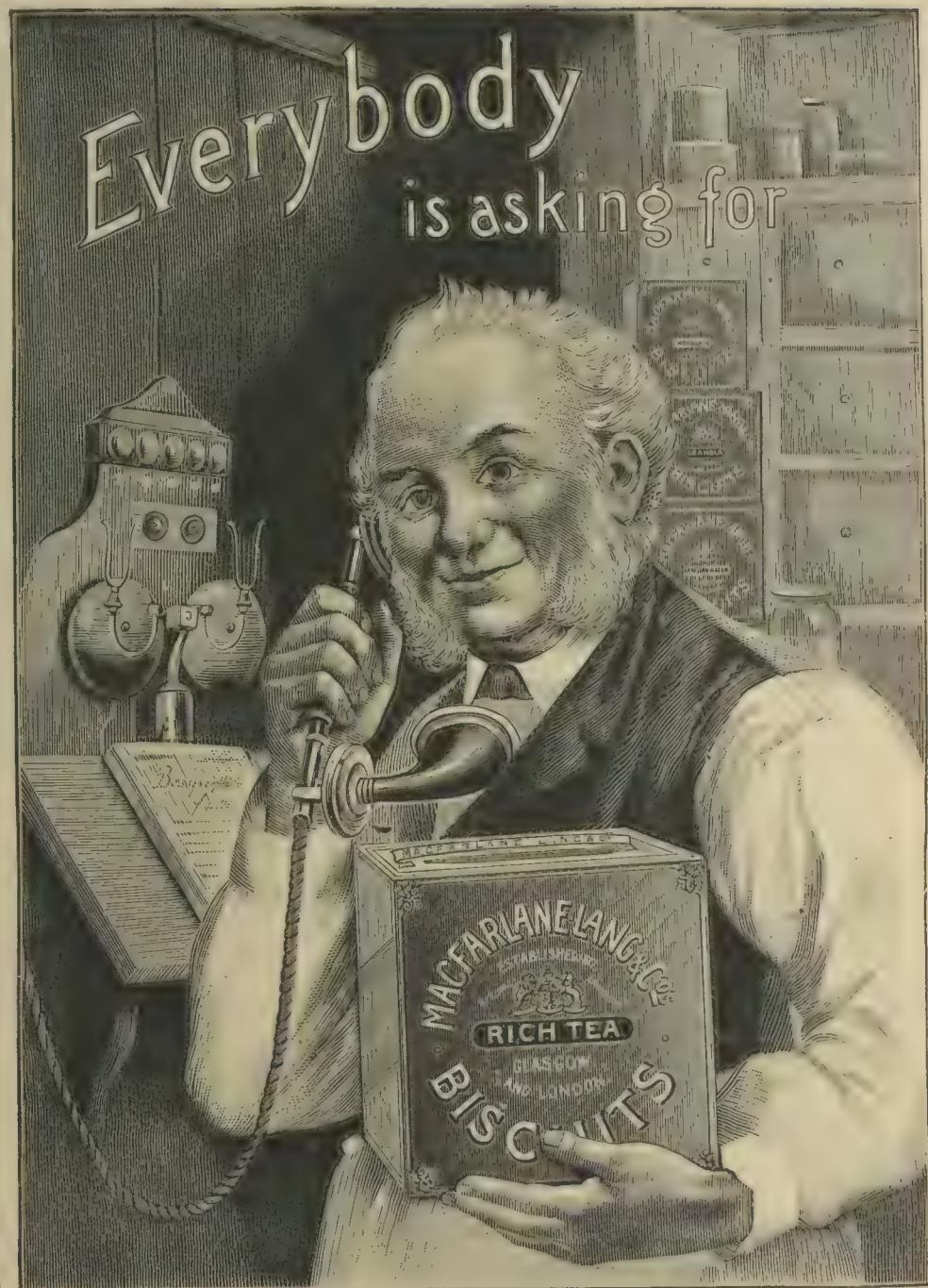
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daughter, and Ernest Philip Alphonsus Law, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £43,318. The testatrix bequeaths £6000 to her step-daughter the Hon. Sophia Clarence Beckett; her furniture, etc., and jewels to her daughter; the half of the Great Seal of England, presented to her husband by William IV., to her daughter for life, with remainder to her son Charles Henry Copley du Cane and his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male; a crayon drawing of Lord Lyndhurst, by Richmond, and a portrait of John Singleton Copley, R.A., to her daughter, for life, and then to the National Portrait Gallery; and to her "best friend, the dear Canon Fleming," a portrait of her husband and an inkstand. During the life of Lady du Cane annuities of £150 are to be paid to John Philip du Cane, and of £100 each to Edith Georgiana Sophia, Florence Gertrude Louise, and Ella Mary du Cane. Subject thereto the residue of her property is to be held, upon trust, for her daughter, for life, and then for her children, except her eldest son.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1899), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1901), of Mr. Frederick William Porter, J.P., of Moyle Tower, Hythe, and formerly of 16, Russell Square, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Jan. 28 by Mrs. Sarah Porter, the widow, Horatio Porter, the son, and James Turner Weldon, and Alderson Burrell Horne, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £39,801. The testator gives £500 and

his domestic effects to his wife, and a small annuity to his sister and her daughters. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for all his children.

The will (dated May 21, 1890), with four codicils (dated May 4, 1893, May 23, 1898, and Feb. 4 and April 29, 1899), of Colonel Henry John Thomas, J.P., of 92, Harley Street, and Springfield Park, Horsham, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 21 by William Francis Bond Jemmett, General John Edward Ruck Keene, and Robert D'Oyly Freeman Thomas, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,582. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his son; £100 each to his other executors; the household furniture, etc., his interest in 92, Harley Street, and the amount at his credit at the bankers to his wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Thomas; £100 to his sister-in-law Jane D'Oyly; £50 to General Sir William Stirling; and legacies to godchildren and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; then, upon further trust, for his son for his life; and then for his children as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1901) of the Rev. the Hon. James Walter Lascelles, Canon of Ripon, of Goldsborough Rectory, Knaresborough, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Jan. 27 by Reginald Francis Lascelles, the son, and Hugh Francis Seymour, the son-in-law, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £26,472.

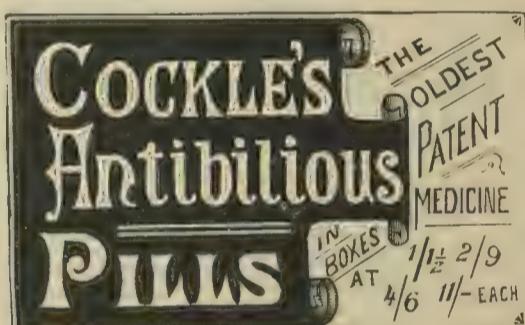
The testator bequeaths £1000 to his son Walter Charles; £300 and his furniture, horses and carriages, to his wife; and legacies to servants. Subject thereto all his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for her life, and on her decease he gives £1000 each to his daughters Mrs. Rachel Blanch Seymour, Mrs. Catherine Maria Harvey, and Mrs. Emma Travis; £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Mabel Louise Meysey-Thompson; and the ultimate residue to his sons Reginald Francis and William James; his son Walter Charles being already provided for, he makes no further provision for him.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society, of which Queen Alexandra is President, will be held at Lowther Lodge, Kensington Gore, from March 7 to March 10 inclusive, in aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund for Nurses and the usual London charities. The honorary secretary is the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Mallet, 38, Rutland Gate, S.W., to whom all inquiries should be addressed. The loan annexed this year will consist of silhouettes, pictures on glass, curious and interesting seals and rings (mourning and otherwise), Cinque-Cento jewellery, and gold and silver lace. Possessors who are willing to lend such exhibits are invited to communicate with the Hon. Sybil Legh, Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W., who has undertaken to arrange the loan collection.

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MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on Feb. 1 saw the performance of a very lengthy programme, the main item of which was Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor. It opens with a movement that is wonderfully impressive, and the work, though not on the same plane with the "Pathetic," presents passages that do not lag far behind the master's greatest composition. A programme which contained several more or less familiar numbers was relieved by the first performance of an interesting excerpt from Richard Strauss's one-act opera, "The Fire Famine," produced last November at Dresden. The music, which is based on Scandinavian themes, is complicated but full of purpose, and the excerpt stimulated a desire to hear the work as a whole.

The Popular Concert at the Queen's Hall on Feb. 1 was attended by an appreciative audience, for whom an

excellent programme had been arranged. Messrs. César Thomson, Adolph Friederich, Alfred Gibson, and Carl Fuchs gave a successful rendering of Schubert's Quartet in D minor. Madame Carreno played Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and Mr. Plunket Greene sang Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Irish Idyll."

At the first of the present series of St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts on Jan. 29 the artists included Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Maurice Farka, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, M. Johannes Wolff, and others of distinguished name. Maude Valerie White's setting of Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Old Grey Fox" was sung with abundant humour by Mr. Kennerley Rumford, whose happy breadth of style lent itself admirably to the ditty. Two songs by Hermann Löhr, "For You" and "The Heart that Sings," were given so charmingly by Madame Hortense Paulsen

that she was recalled. Rachmaninoff's massive but now somewhat hackneyed "Prelude" found an able exponent in Herr Wilhelm Backhaus, who further justified his growing reputation as a pianist by a really fine rendering of Liszt's Eleventh Rhapsody.

The "Artists," or, to give them their correct, if less-known title, the 20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, gave a most successful smoking-concert at their headquarters, Euston Road, on Jan. 30. Colonel Robert Edis, the Colonel-Commanding, presided. One of the most entertaining items of the programme was supplied by Major Brandon Thomas, who, with the aid of a "Cummarteminervagraph," gave a series of "living" pictures illustrative of a day's life of the corps when in camp. The other performers included Lieutenant Murray Carson and Mrs. Tree.

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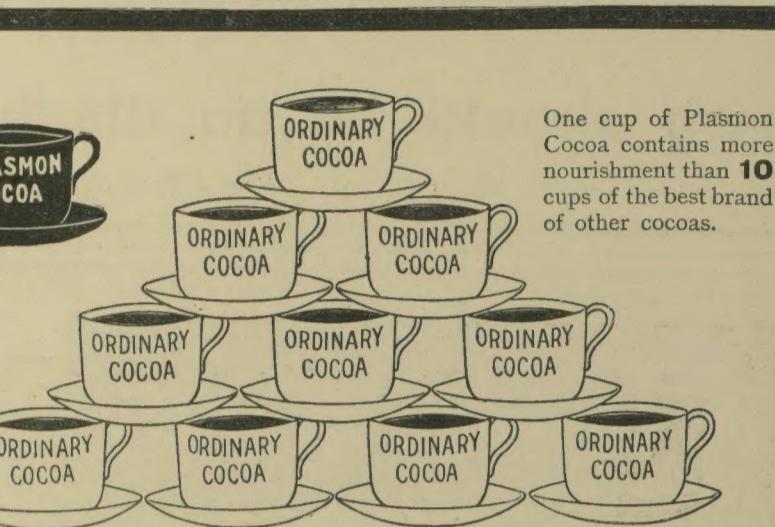
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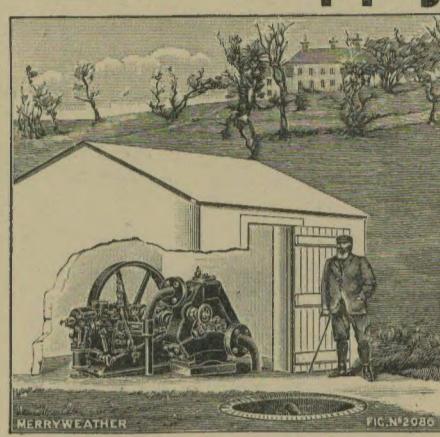
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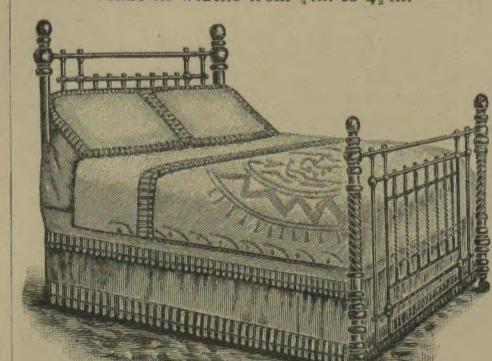
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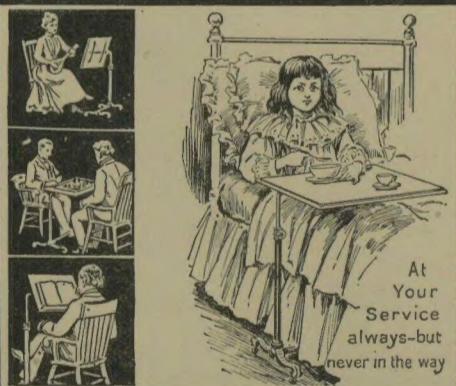
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